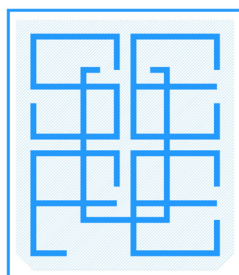


MULTI-FRUIT

A SHORT STORY ABOUT DOOM



PART ONE

The ghost of your stupid face rambles on inside your fucked-up arteries, desperately searching for a piece of evidence, for a tiny trace of that rogue protein recombination machine, the lost substance of your childish, sick soul.

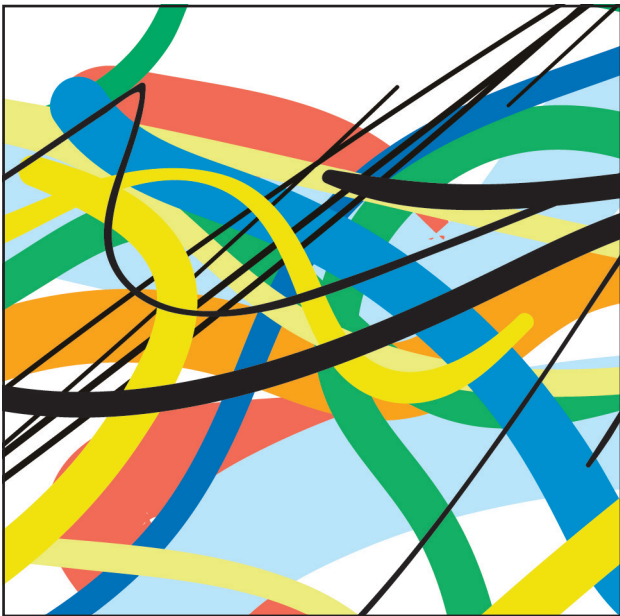
You are human after all, and humans like to die. You fucked your share of ground beef and you drank the wine of the saviour, the spirit of the untouchable, sinister One. What more do you need from life, what treacherous plan are you cooking up now inside that little empty box that used to be your brain?

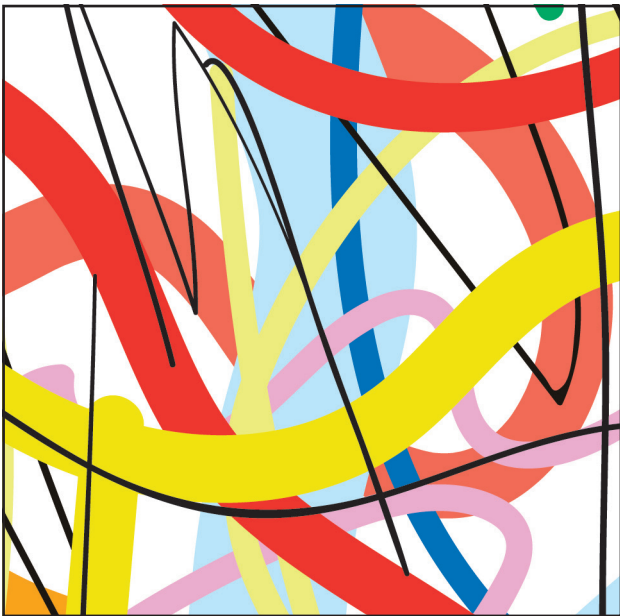
For crying out loud, just give up! Life has ended, life has been drained down a dirty pipe, right into a big pool of shit – your joyous, loving soul.

Wives came and paid you respect, wives and daughters, man-wives and woman-wives alike. They covered you in a hyacinth shroud that took everyone's mind. Passers-by would faint, instantly falling in love with your putrefied shit-filled carcass – a loving husband, the Protector of the Kin, Guardian of our most sacred values.

Love came down upon you in a cascade of rotten leaves. Your anus was a gaping death-wound, you wished for death right then and there, with that huge wooden dildo pushing back on your holy excrement.



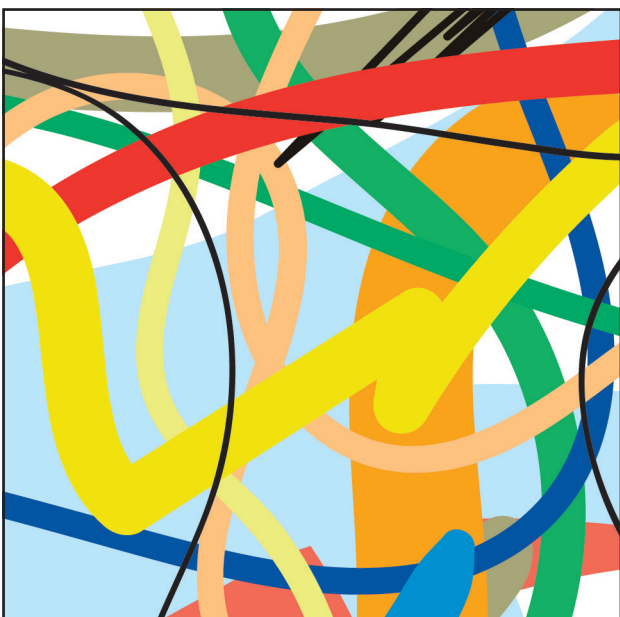














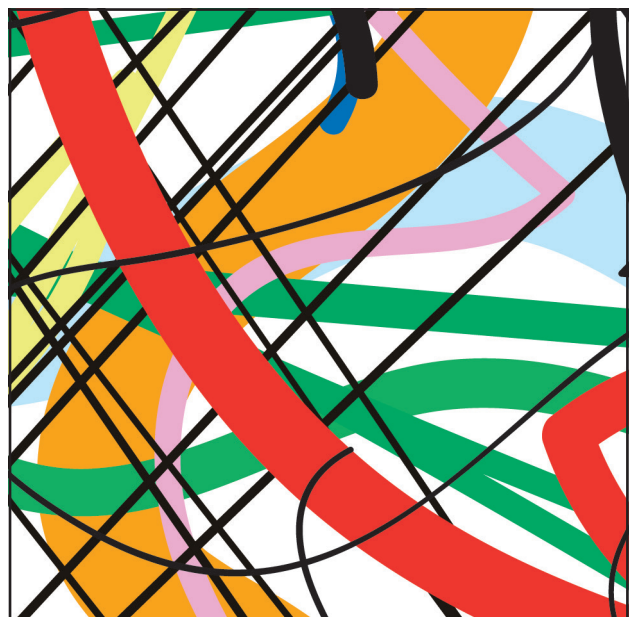


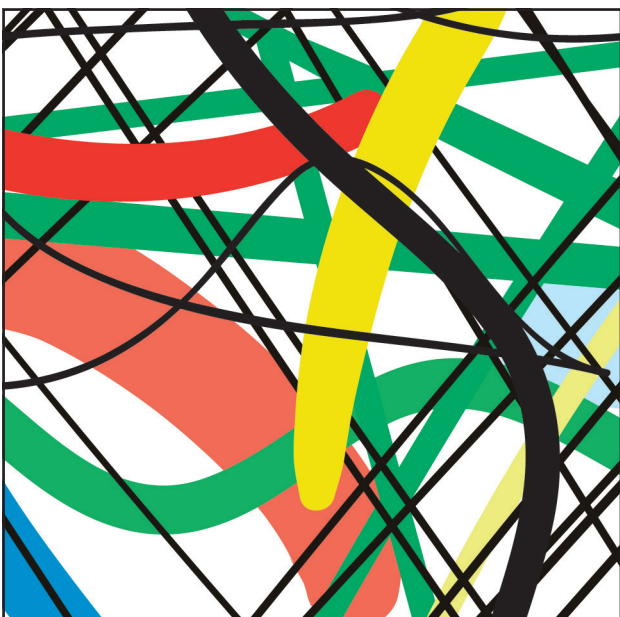


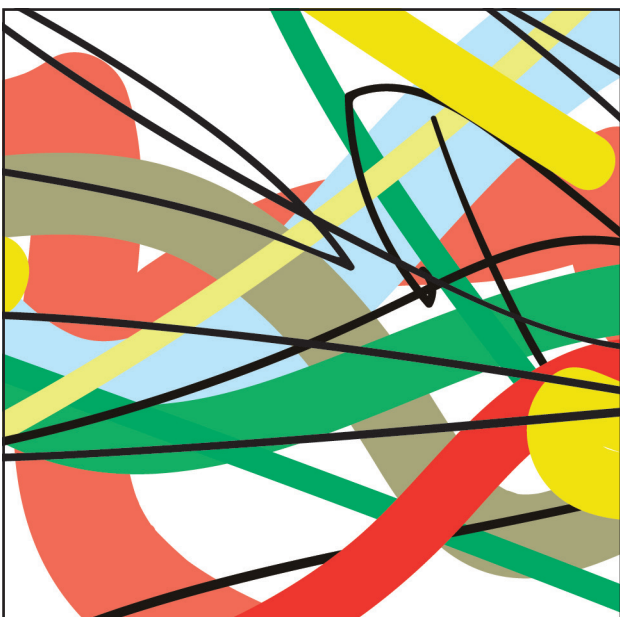
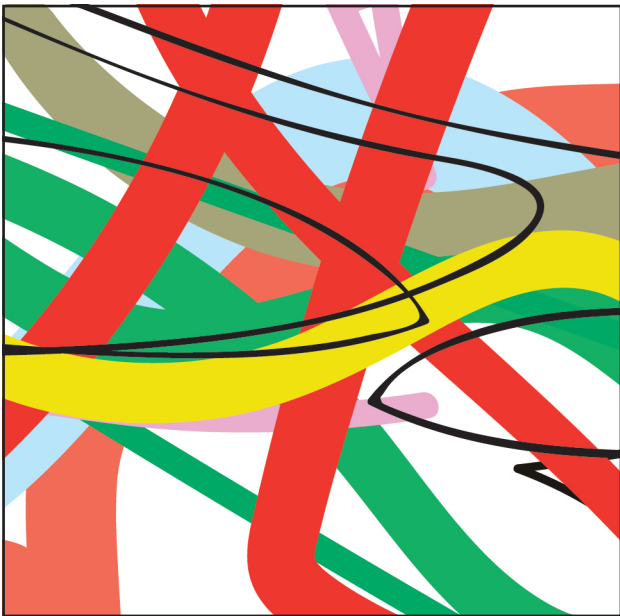
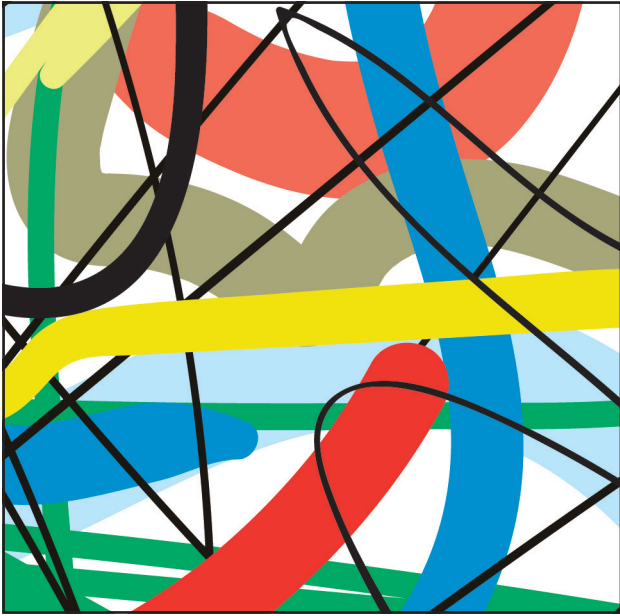


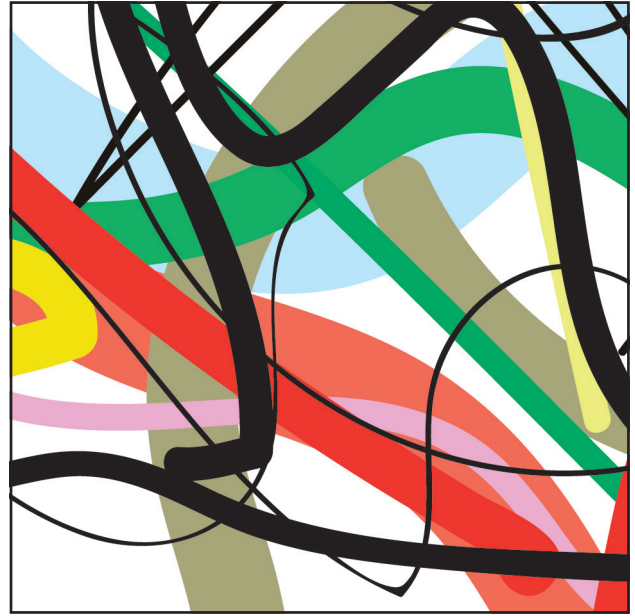












END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

Worms have always loved scumbags with pretty faces, just like you. Worms like to eat flesh, but the flesh does not like being eaten. Flesh has soul too, and flesh hopes for salvation.

Right down to the end of the infernal pit, there lies the body of a beautiful man. The god of men, trampled under the muscular anterior of the Big Flat Worm.

Lord of lords, the worm who rules them all, the beast with no insides, the lover of the grief-stricken, the compassionate widow seducer.

His face will shine brighter than the morning sun, his eyes will penetrate the massive dark holes of universal mystery, the infinity of your soul will be his wash-cloth.

Bathing into the sweat of your forever damned holy body, dancing in strange agony above Hellmouth's flames, this lord that was within you shall rule without you.

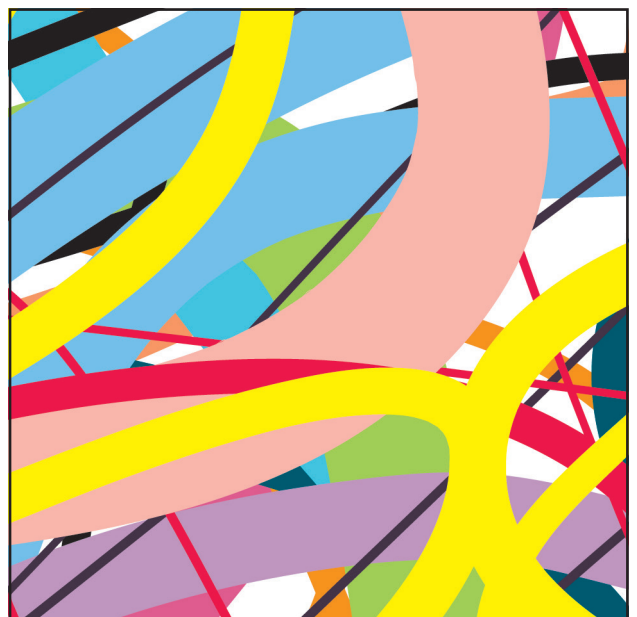
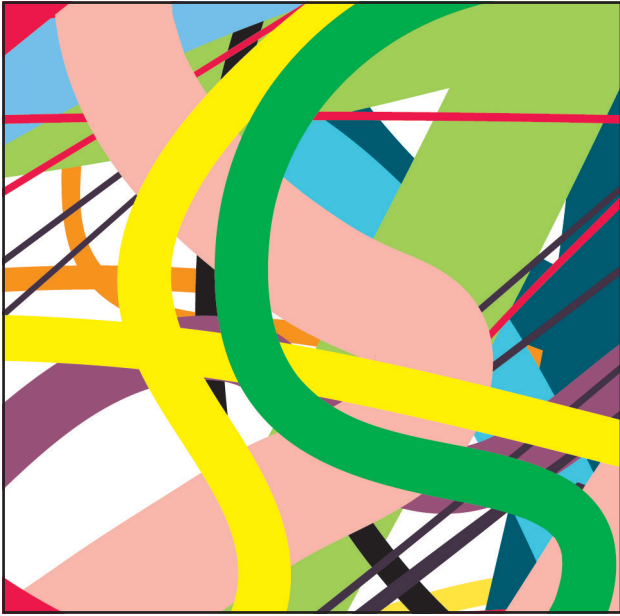
Pray and prostrate, you fuck fury.







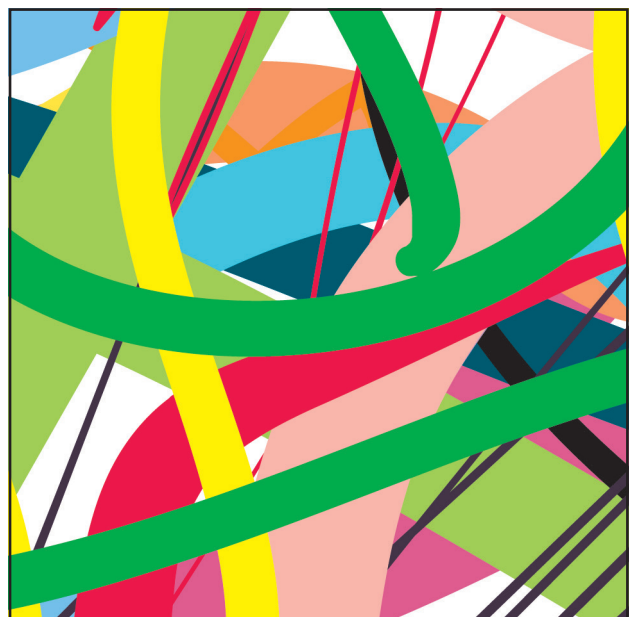




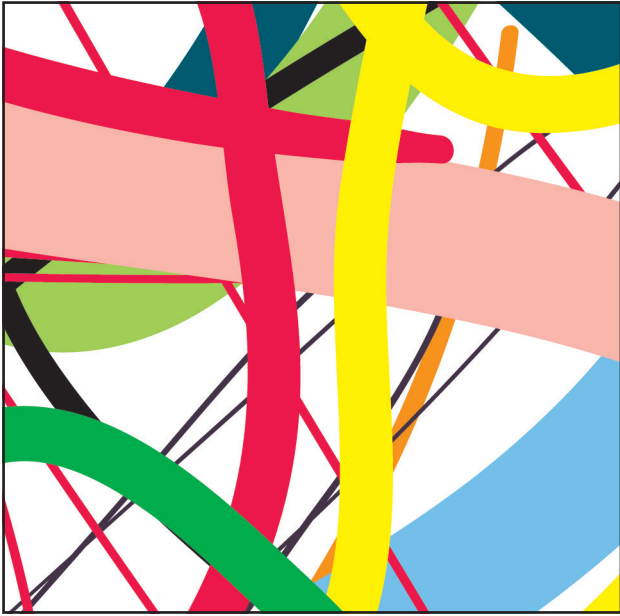


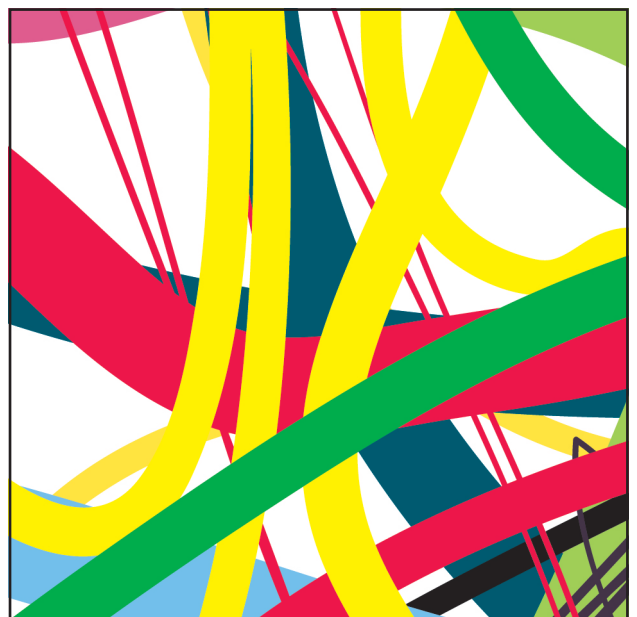
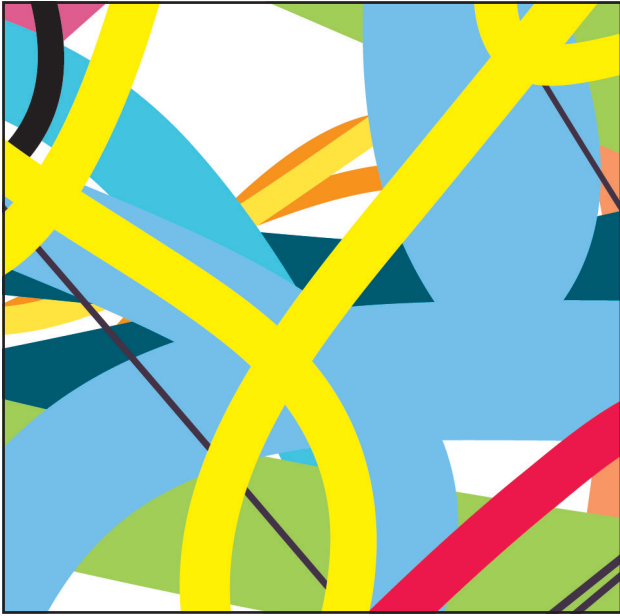


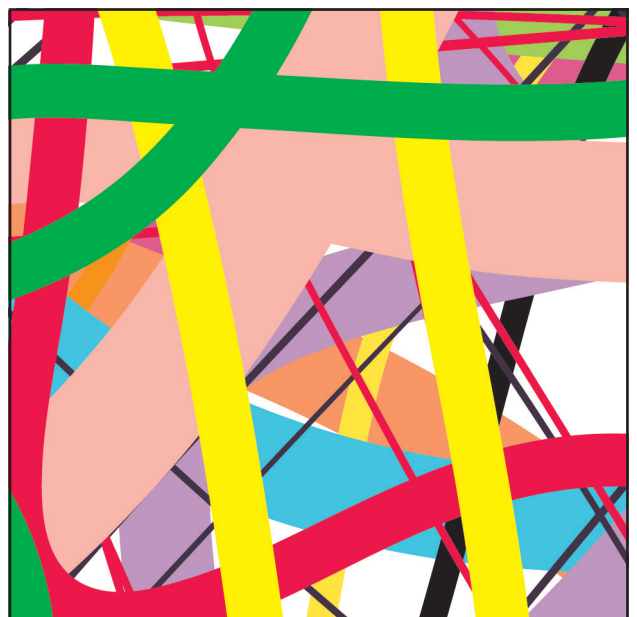


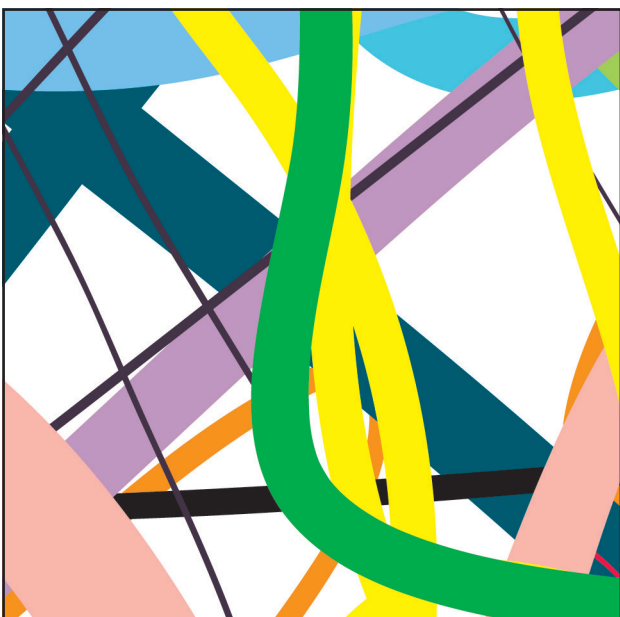
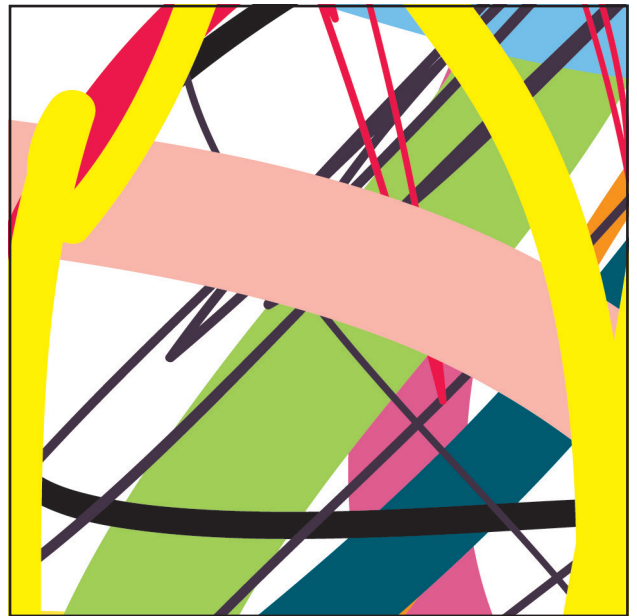


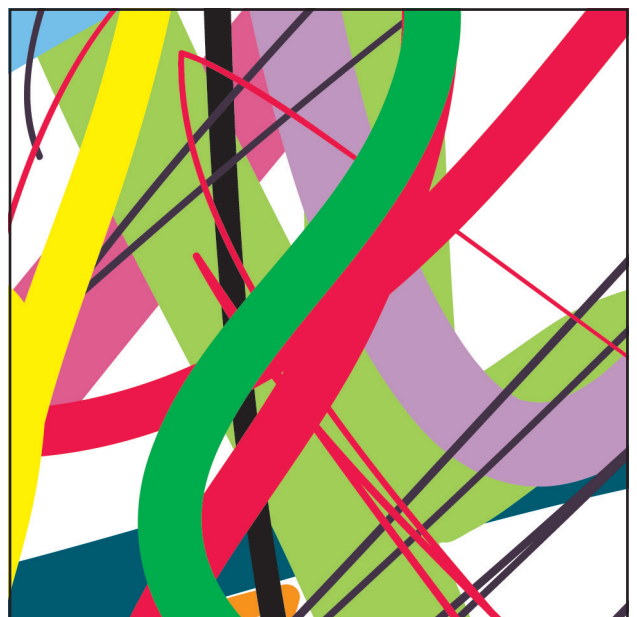
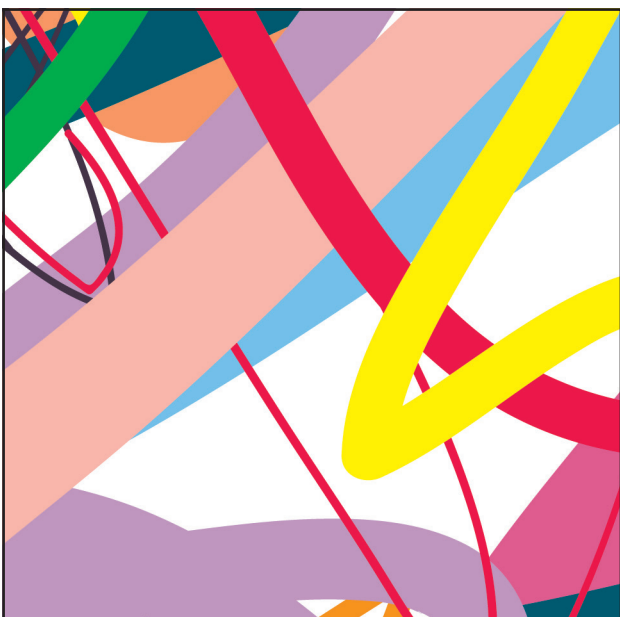


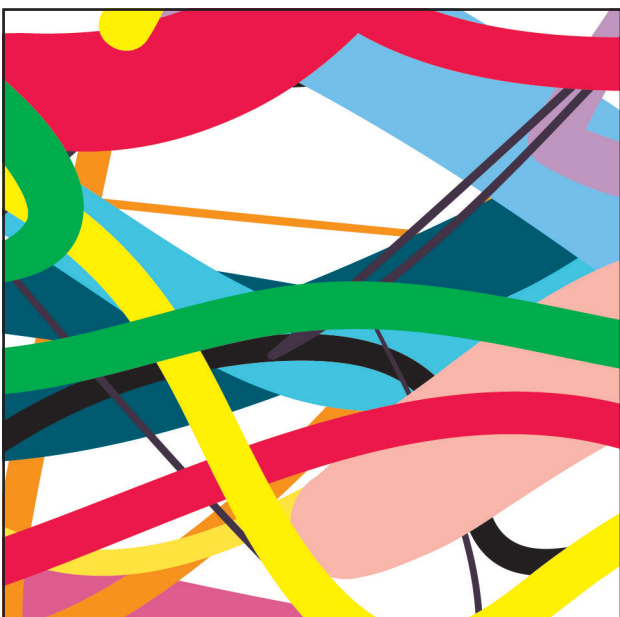
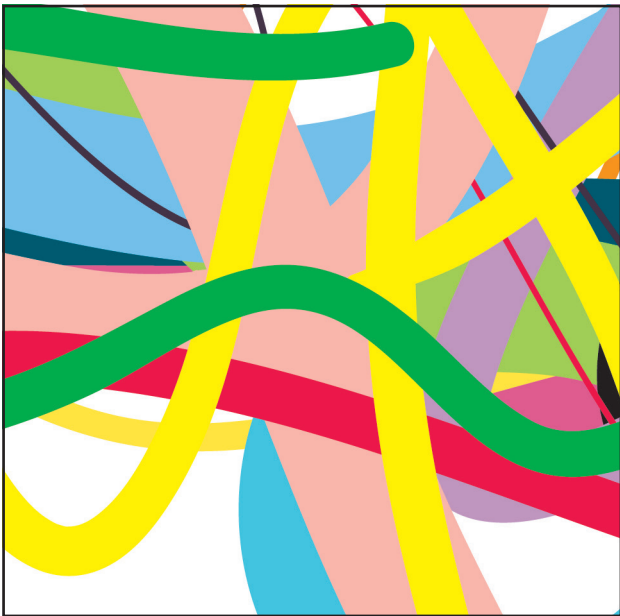
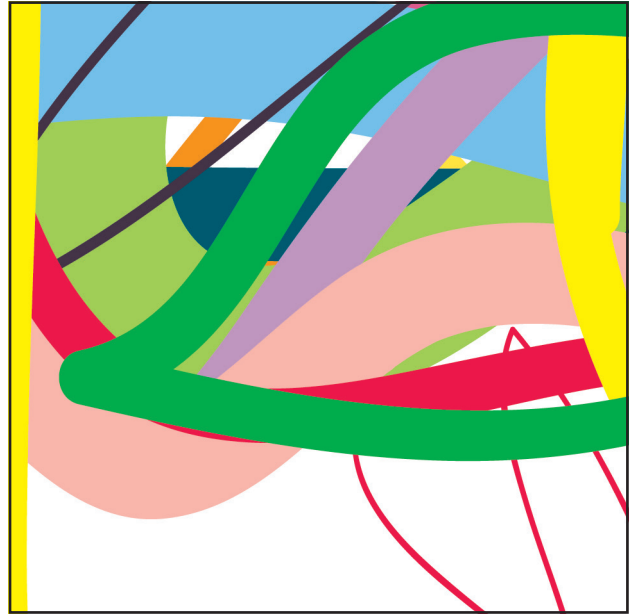














END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

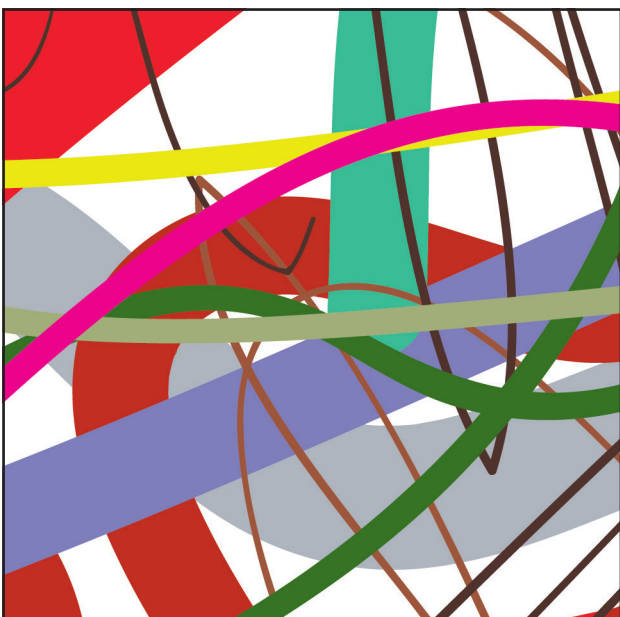
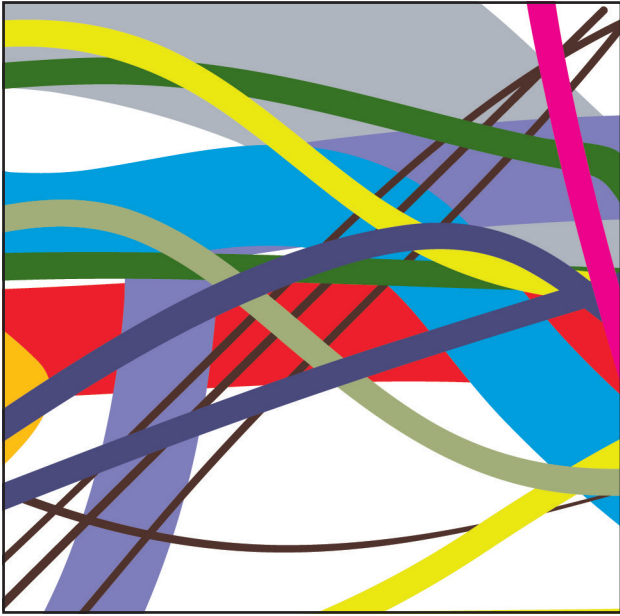
The furious dweller of the deadland asks himself: "What is left of the Lord?"

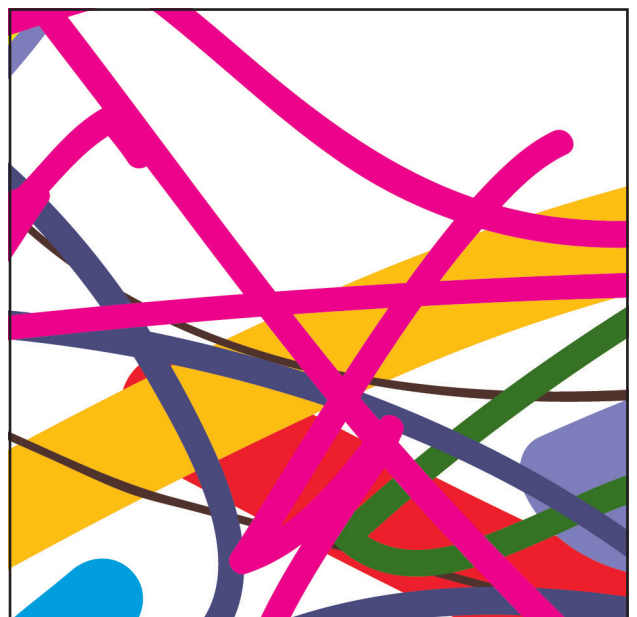
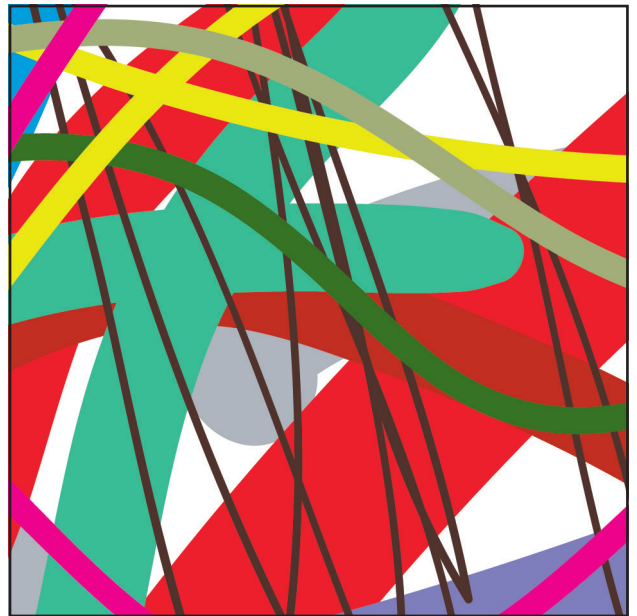
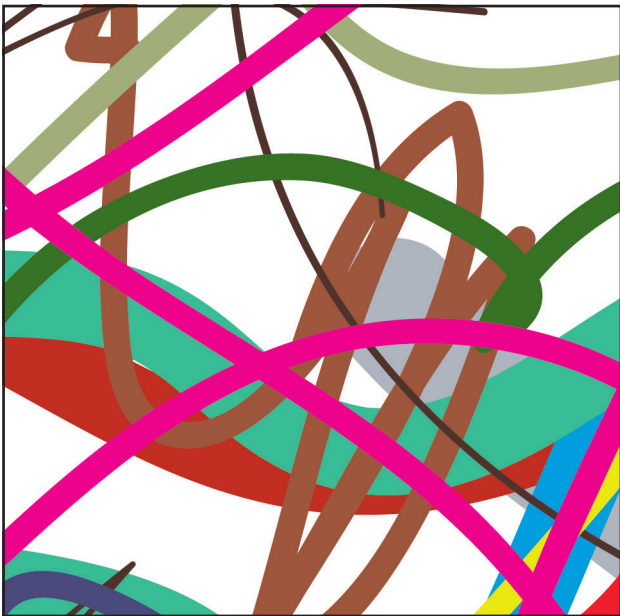
The dweller was a man, but now he is but an animal, a vicious burning meat machine, the spiritual vessel of death-bot infestations. His name exists no more, his mind has been consumed, and all that once made him great, is gone.

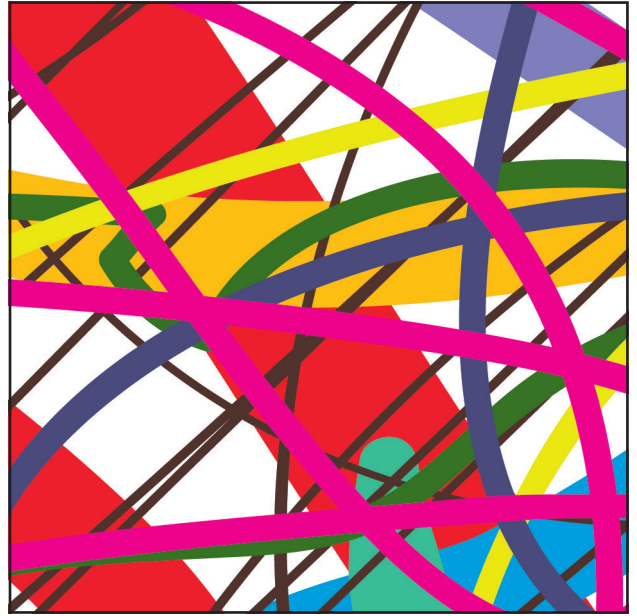
Greatness means nothing in the eyes of the lords, because greatness dies just like everything else. Greatness is born and walks the earth, but the time comes for it to die and it is no more.

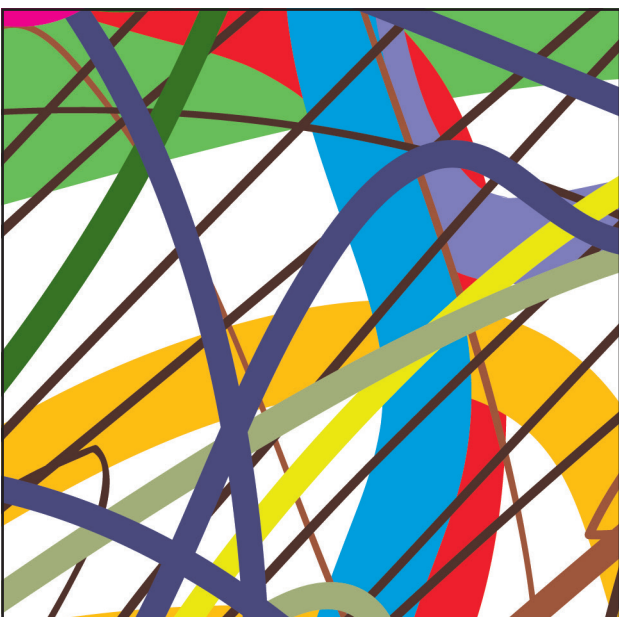
"Where is Greatness?" asks the furious dweller. Looking at him, the men that eat the earth and all that lives on the earth, calmly raise their shoulders.

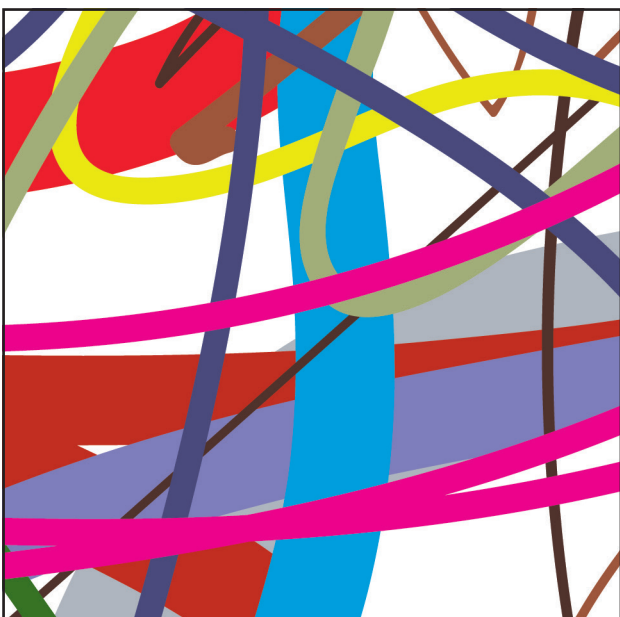
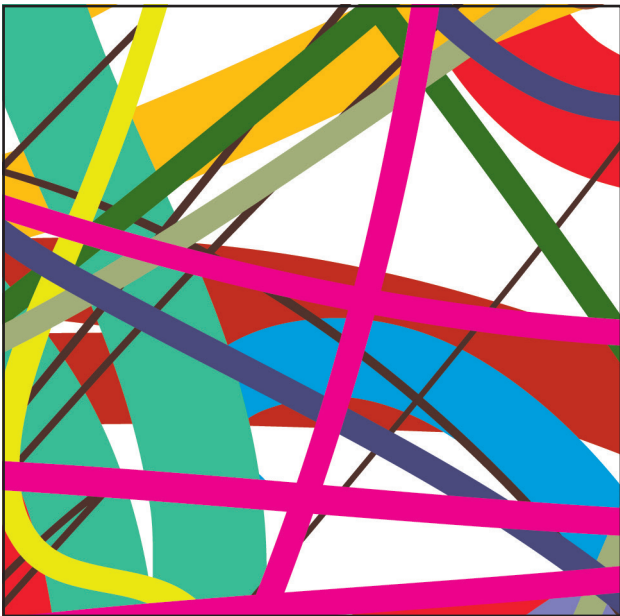
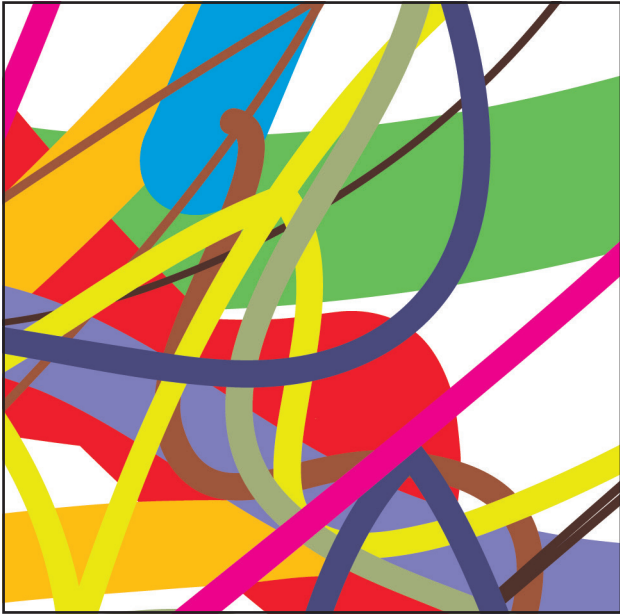


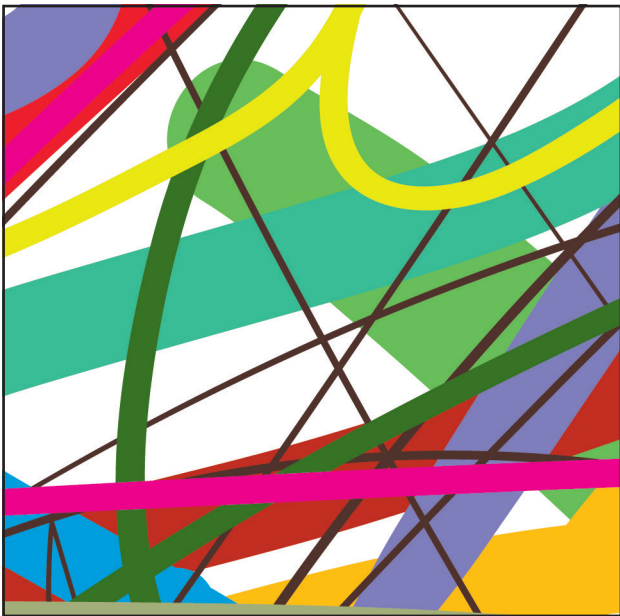
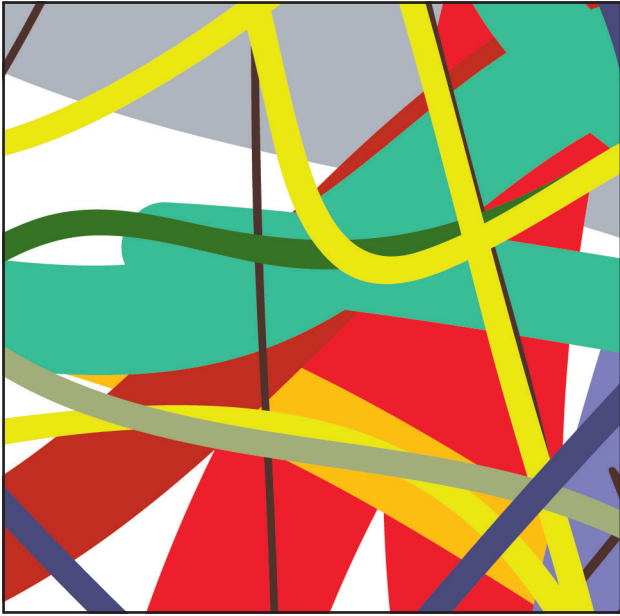


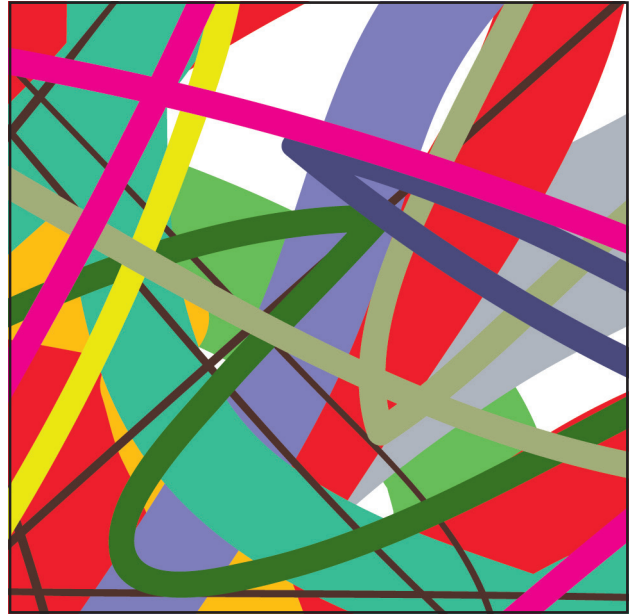




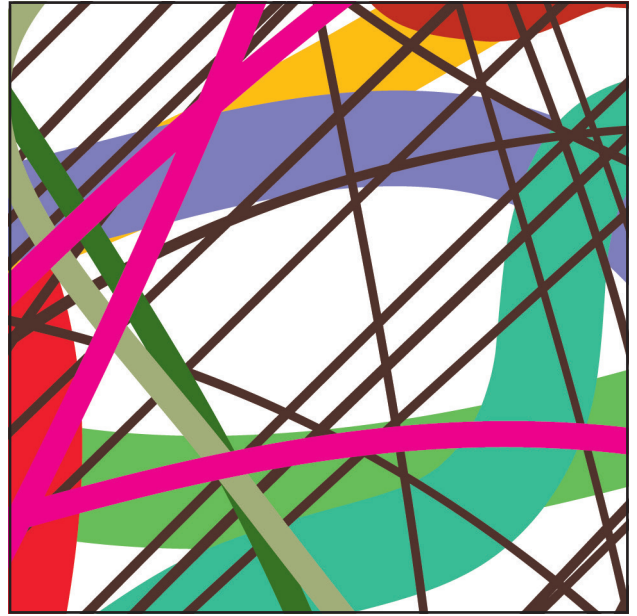


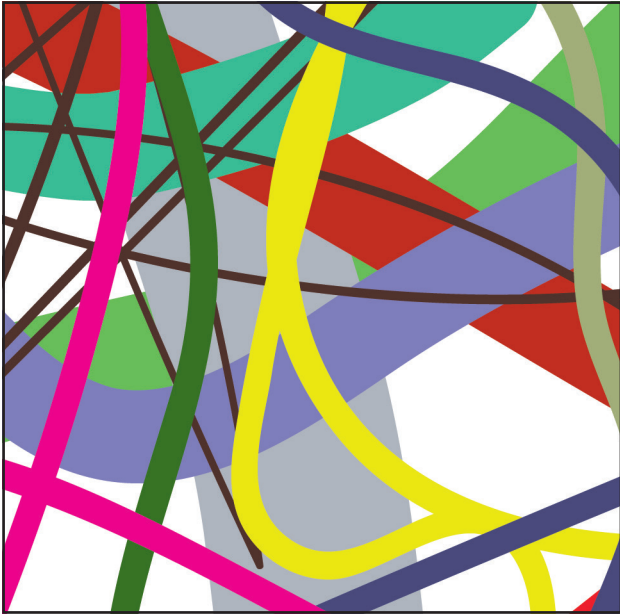


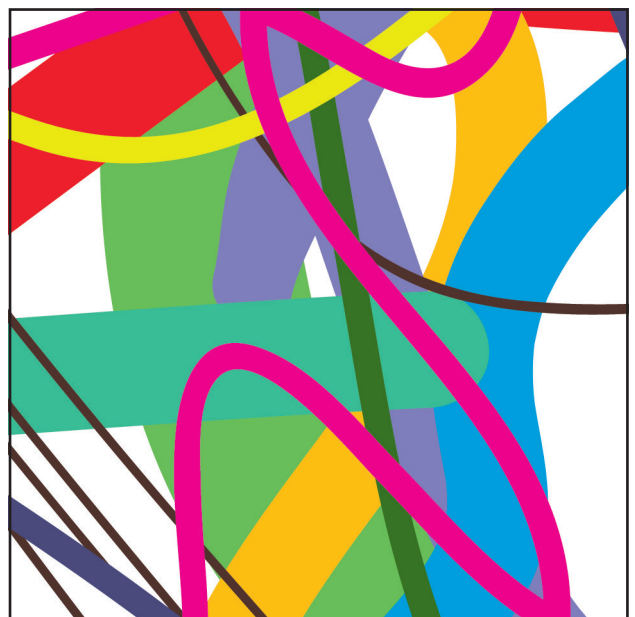
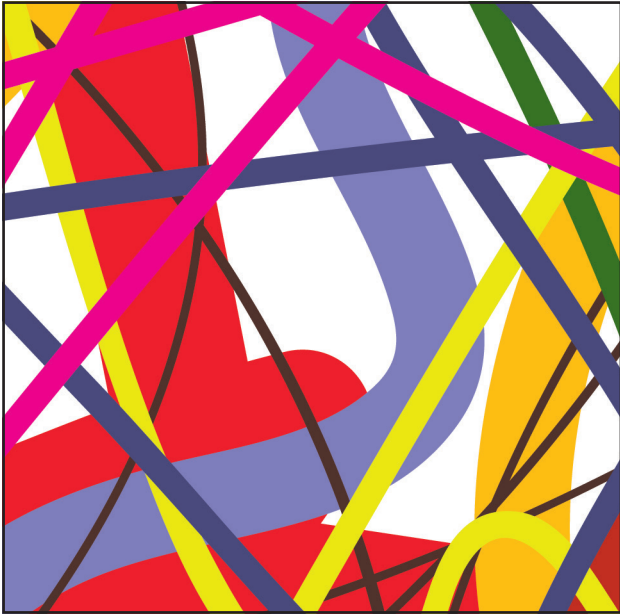


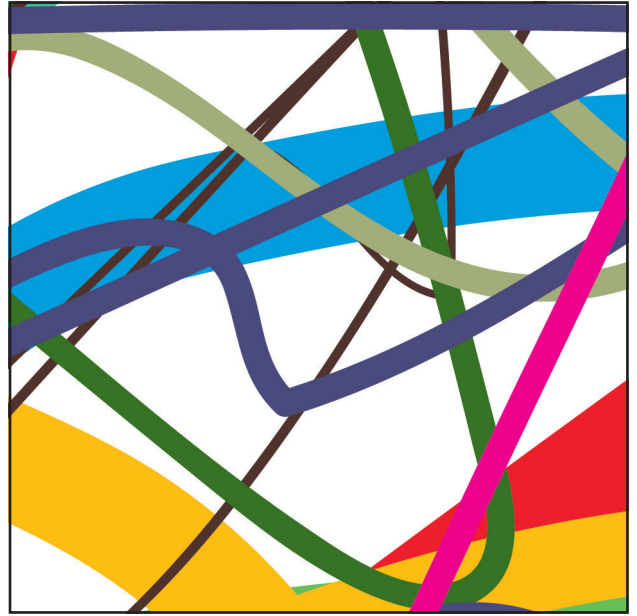


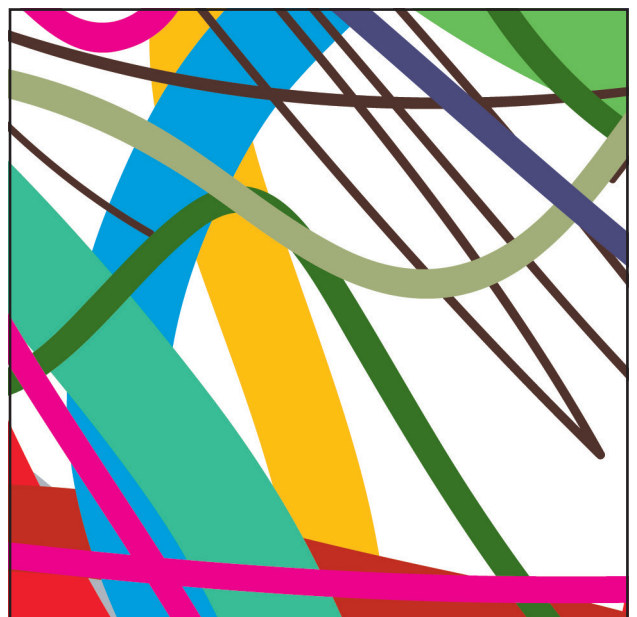
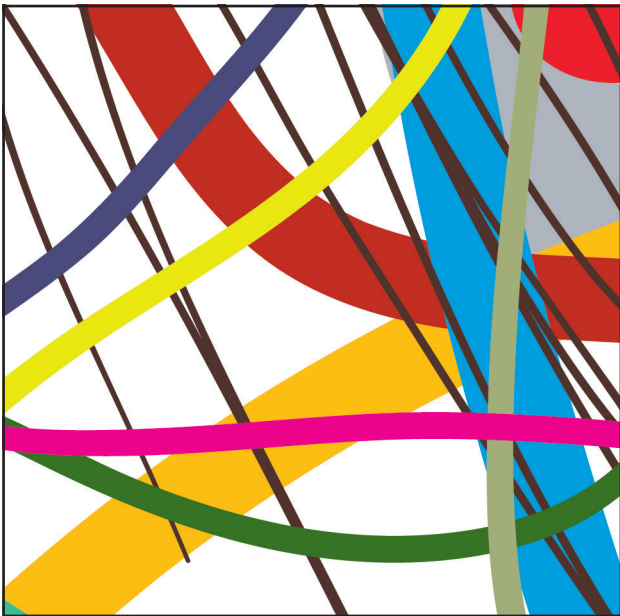






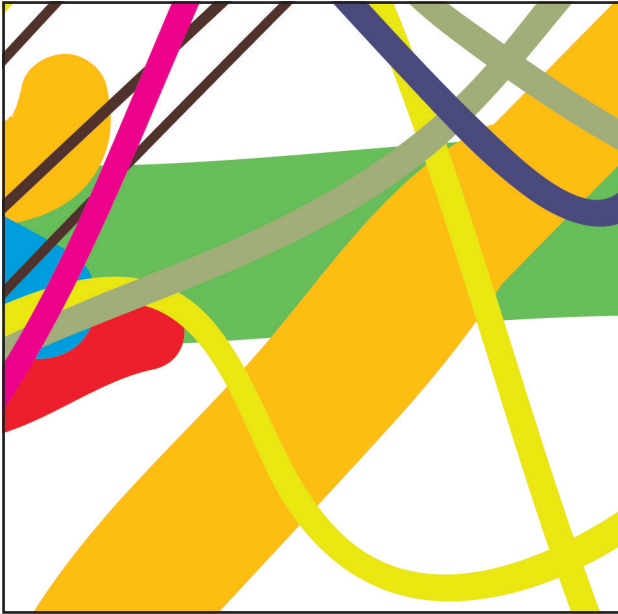












END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

*Listen to the cry of the festering wound,
pray for the boils that caress their baby
boils. The mother strokes her loved one,
death strokes her loved ones. Touch your
fingers together, feel the burning and
rejoice.*

*You fucked up, now is the time for the
clearing of the debts. Money loved you,
and you fucked up. Animals and plants
died just for your pleasure, but you are the
animal and you are the plant.*

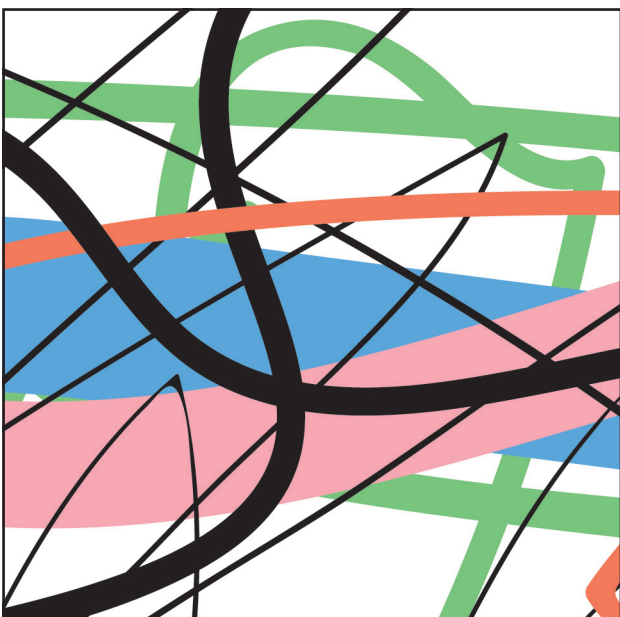
*Love the animal because you are the an-
imal. Love the plant because you are the
plant. Love the wound because you are the
wound.*

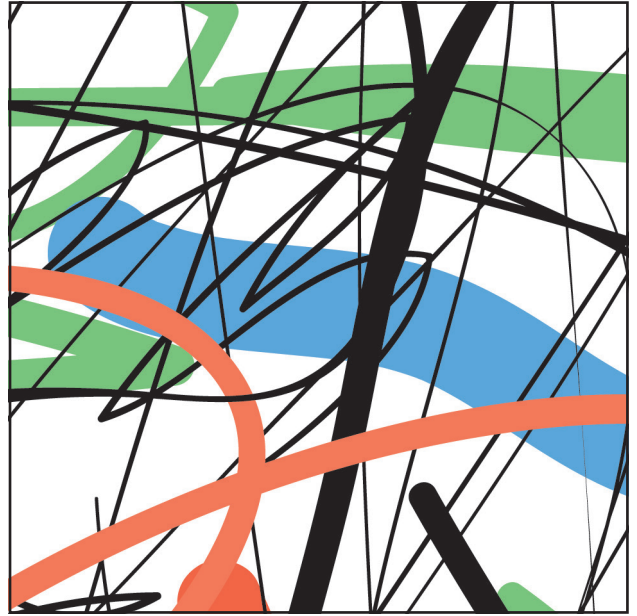
*Step on the boiling basalt shrine and
inhale the steam, take in the spirit of that
undulating consumed body that used to be
you. Do not expect the reward of deserv-
ing men, because they failed in the end.
Failing and fucktoys go well together in
hell.*

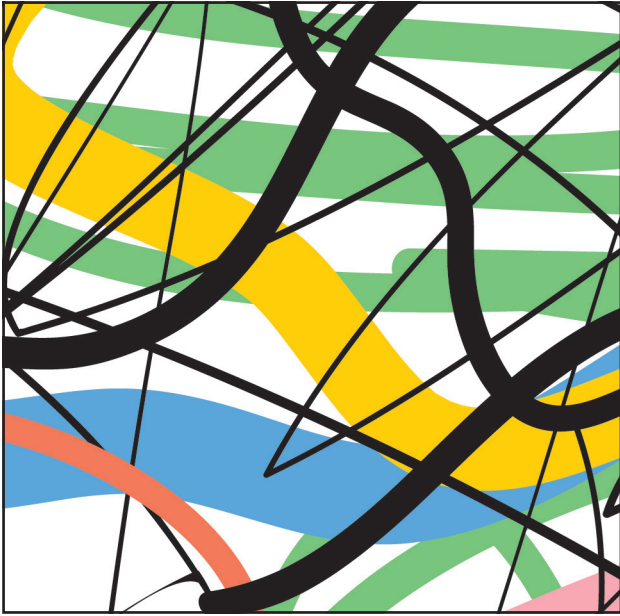
*Just a corridor for plasma, just a strange
and sinuous dark canal, just a deep well
of understanding, just the sheath of the
dawning sun – that were your veins. Fall
to the ground and hide your face!*

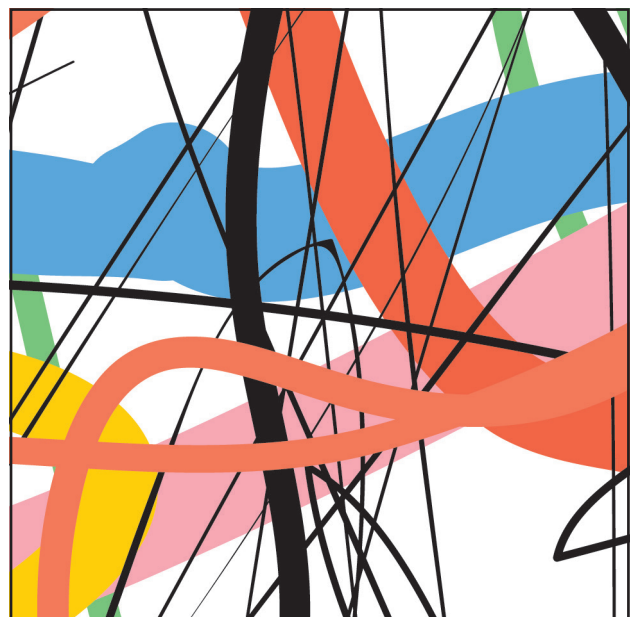
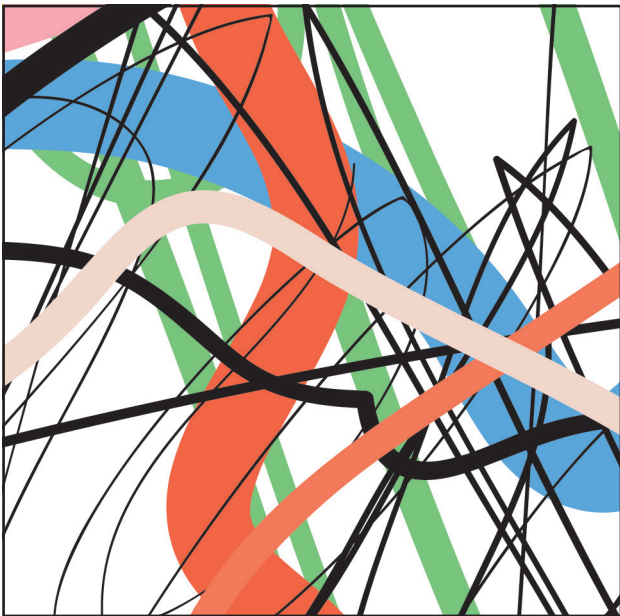
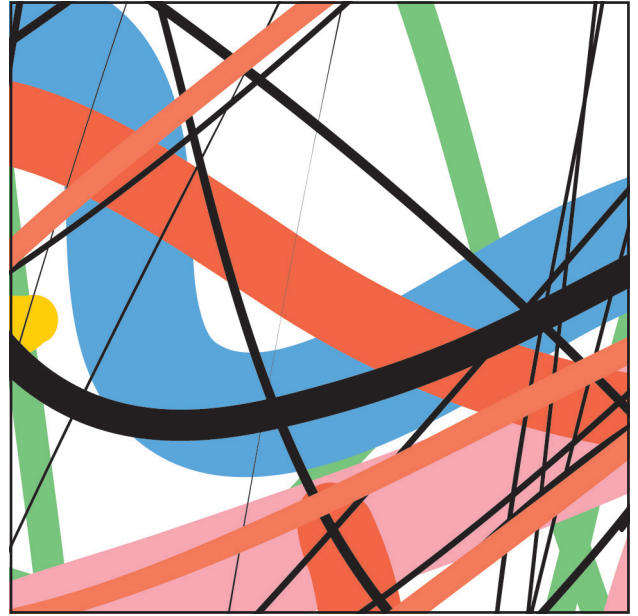
*Judgement has been proclaimed, fire shall
fuck all.*

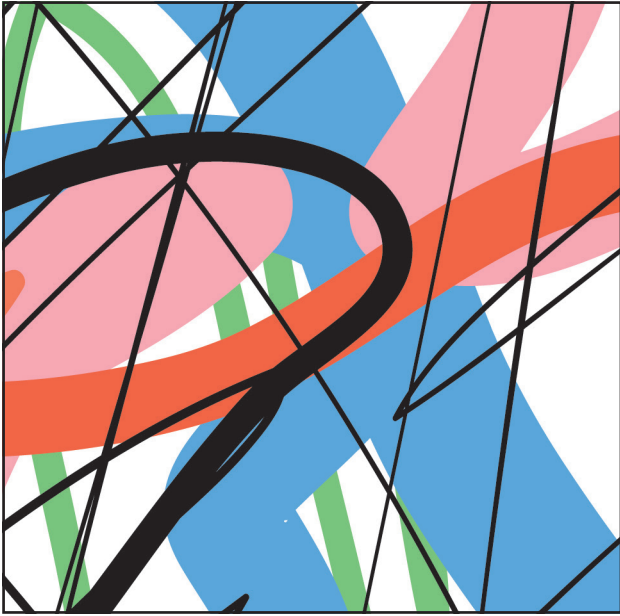


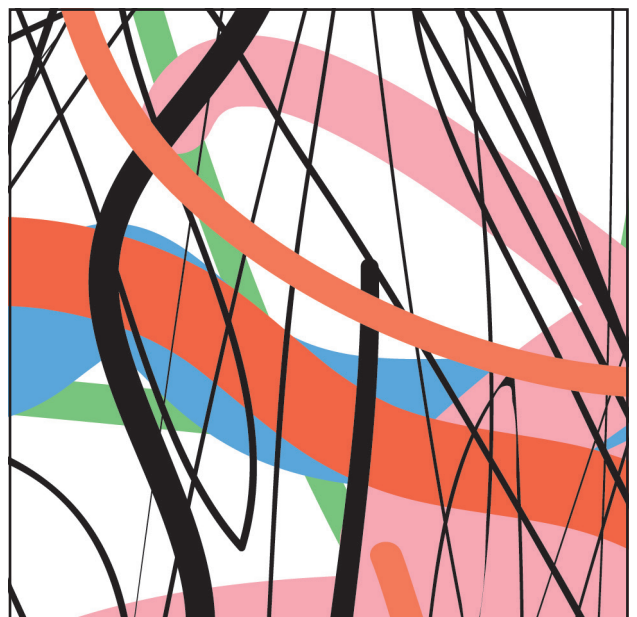


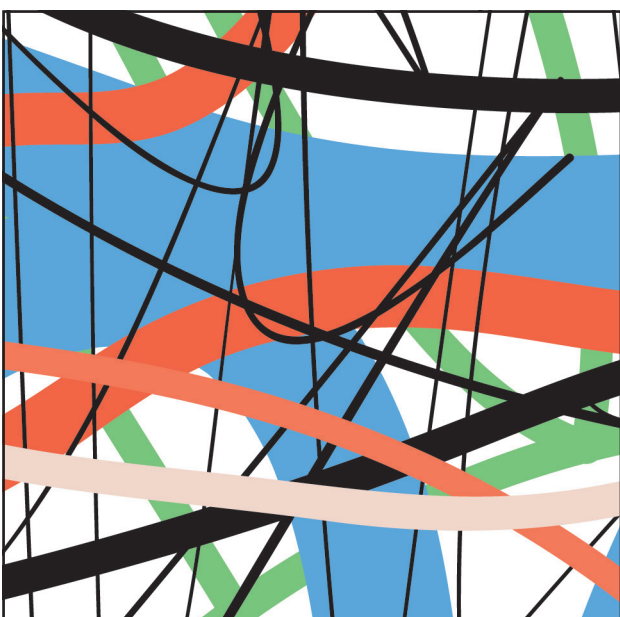


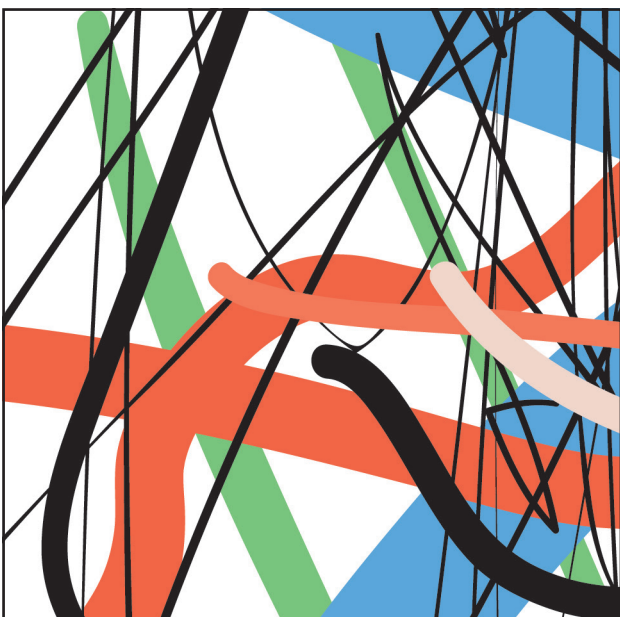








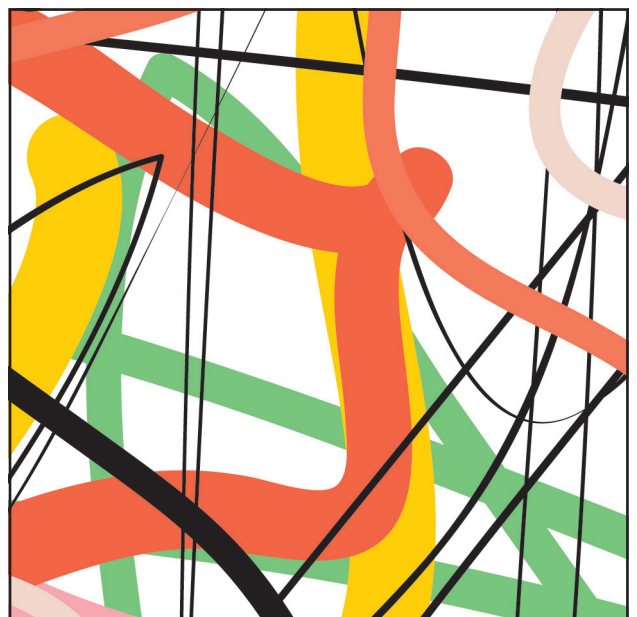


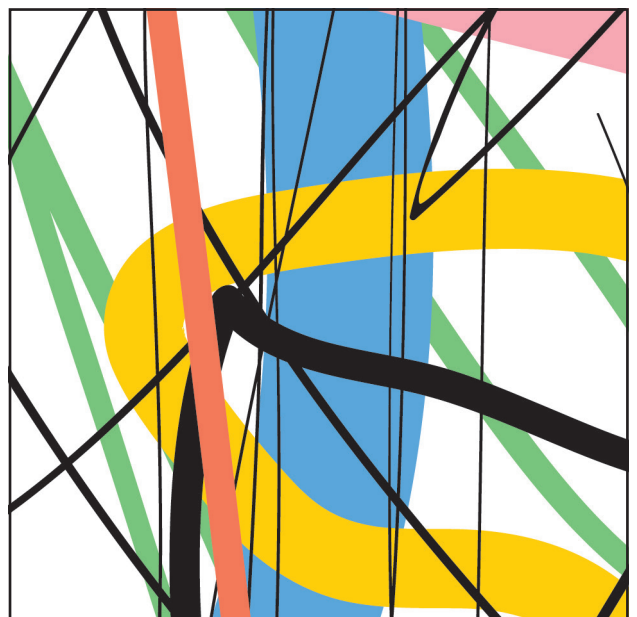
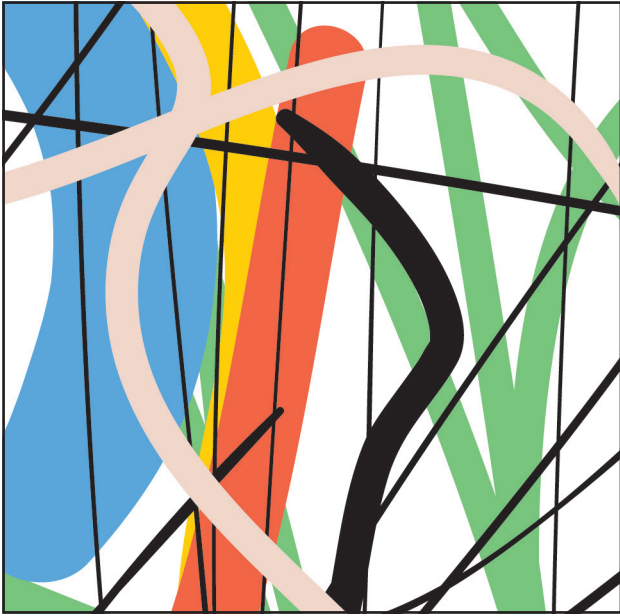


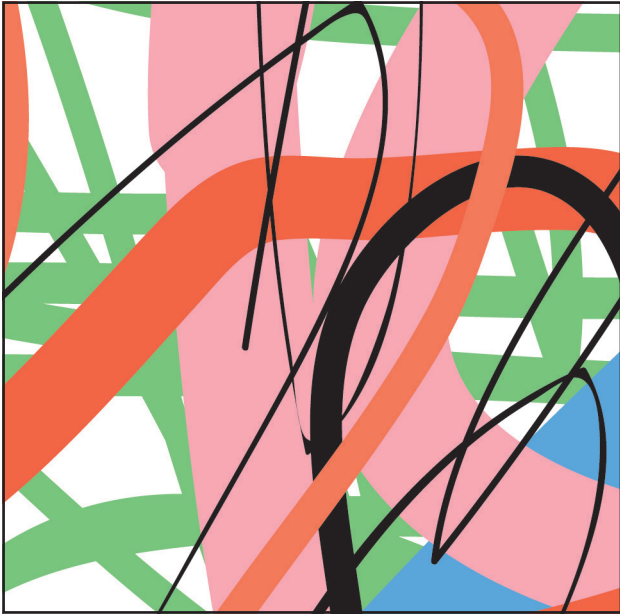


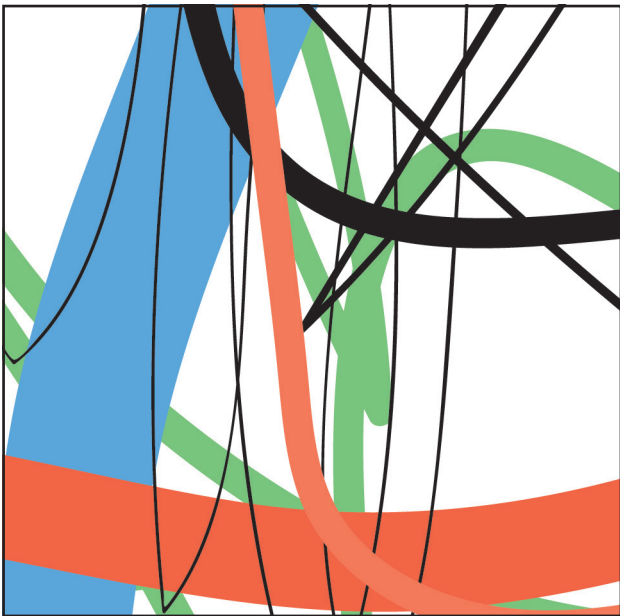














END OF PART FOUR

PART FIVE

*This is the vision of the world to come,
these are the eyes that watch inside them-
selves.*

*Those dark crevices that kept you hidden
from the sky-flames are now blown apart.
Rise above your futile corpse and watch
yourself inside this plastic box.*

*Do not cry, do not shed a tear, because
the soul that rises has ripped the world in
two.*

*Obeys this pull towards the high. What
good can come of ghosts who cling to the
organ, what can the rotting liver bring to
life?*

*Bathe inside the electron flows that tie the
skies and the lands together, try the taste
of those huge massive balls of deserted ash,
swirling around in the highness, up into
the limitless void.*

*Be glad that power is still in you, fuck all
ghosts that want to fuck you back. Ride
the ghostly seed-train, then lay down on
the fluffy asteroid mountain tops.*

*Before long, the lords will offer you the
baby ghosts that you crave. Your hunger
will have an end, be glad and obey.*







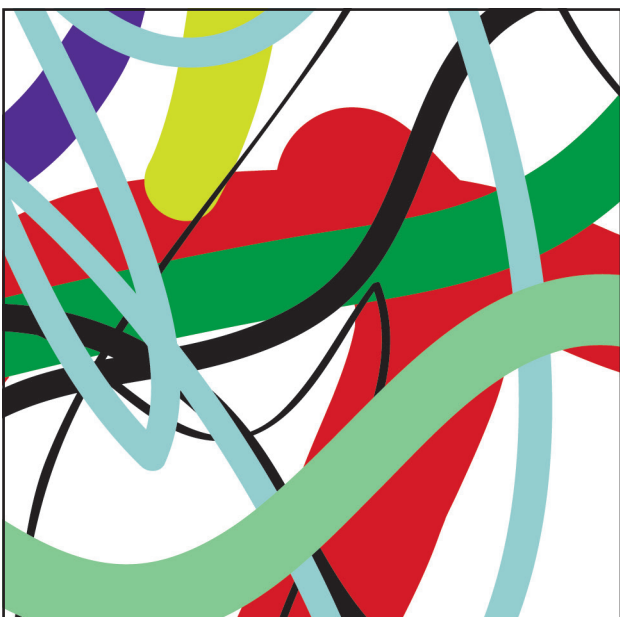


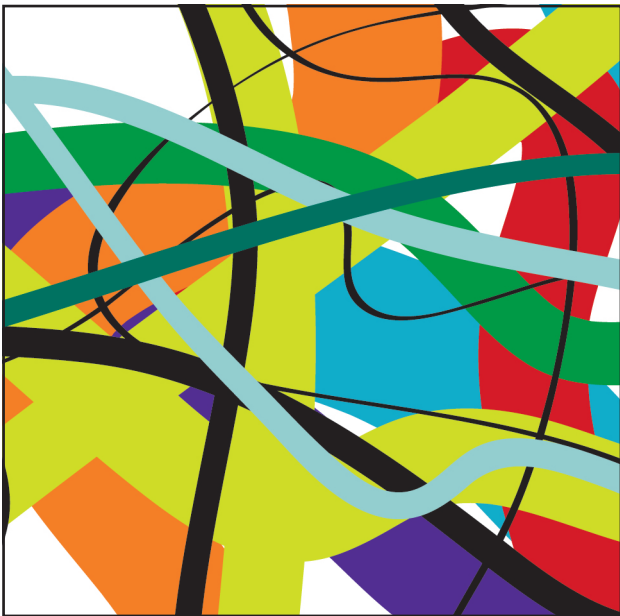




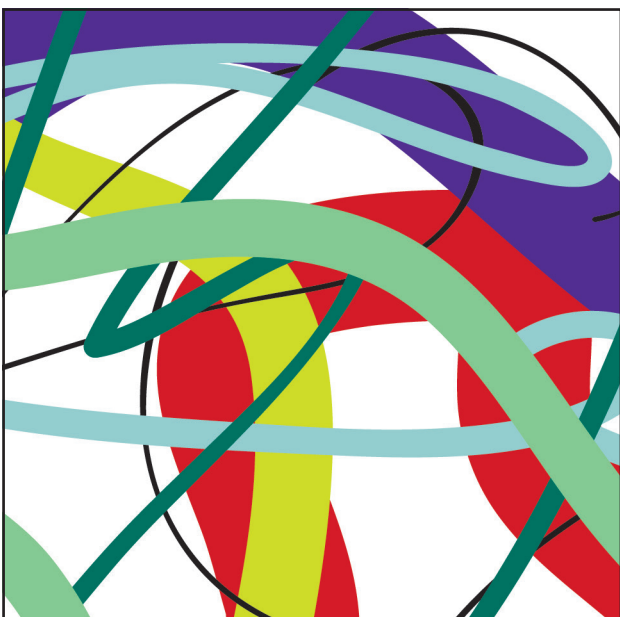






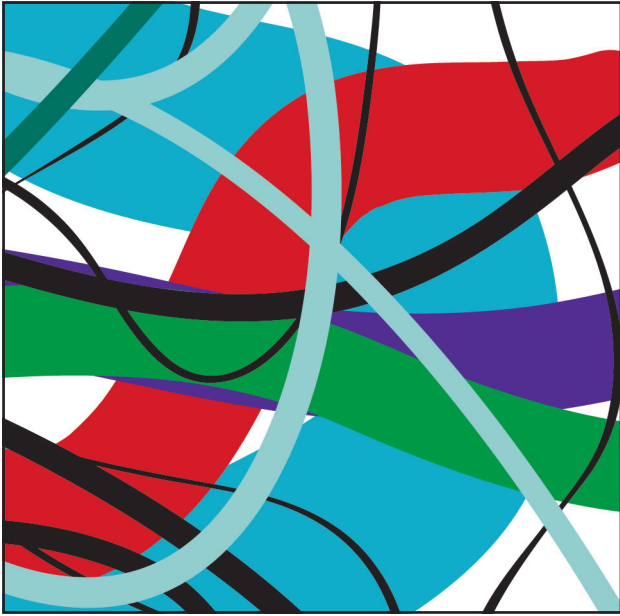
















END OF PART FIVE

PART SIX

*Hear this and eat your pride, ghost man.
This was your life, minuscule master of
men. Weak flesh-slaves have obeyed every
command you so proudly uttered, but all
that was vanquished by the life. Foolish
were your ways, doomed were the works
of your hand.*

*Do not point towards your mighty con-
struction, do not show us the shameful
great deeds that made you master of men.
“Who can stand in front of the Lords?”
say the Lords.*

*Creeping little snakes, lovingly devouring
your juicy membranes, spread inside and
downwards, closer and closer to the source
of the Lord's lifeforce.*

*Snakes love the truth of your filthy body
and obey by the satanic ritual that you
inscribed between your mortal eyes.*

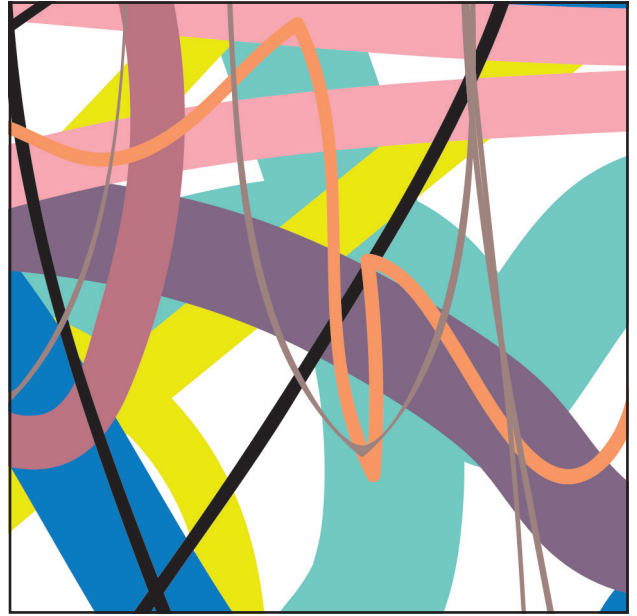
*Bow your hollow skull and shed a tear of
brain tissue for the ghost that fucks black-
ness.*

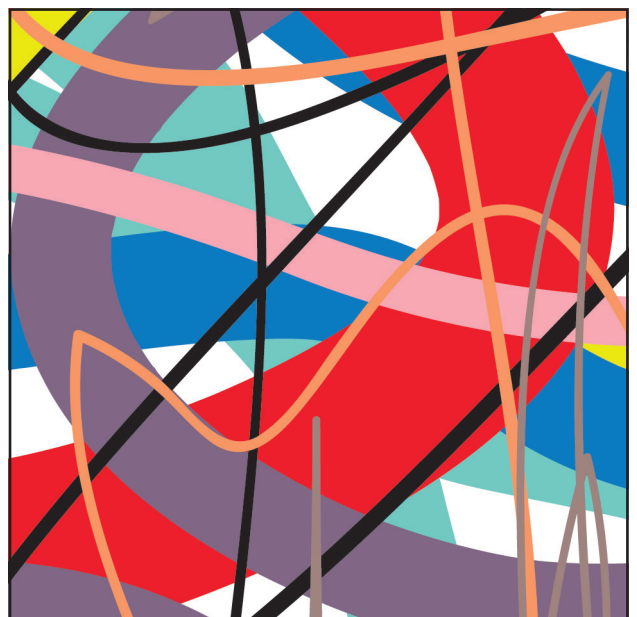
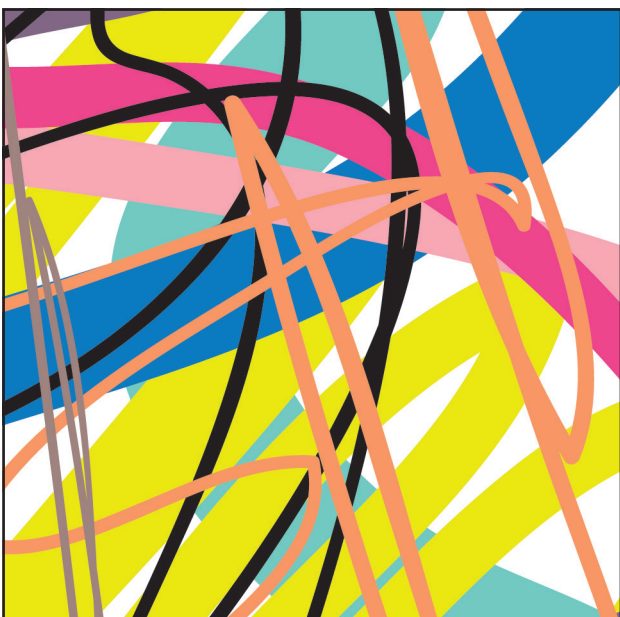
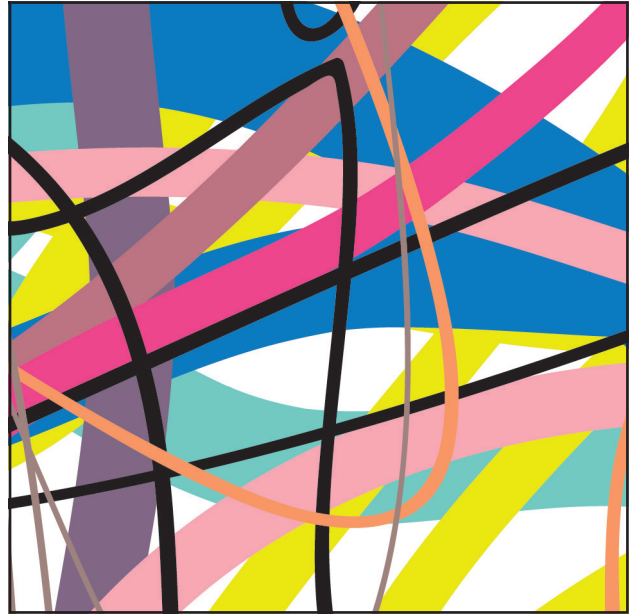
*Be joyful and cry, be yourself and know
this joy, because all you are is this little
ghost ready to be fucked by blackness.*

*The escape pod for your soul is jammed
inside the warp conduit of our Lord's
vessel. This well-oiled machine that makes
heaven a garden has crashed. Batteries of
loving light trapped the acid juice inside
their lead cuirass, powering those dark
and damp forests where your putrid soul
hides from us.*

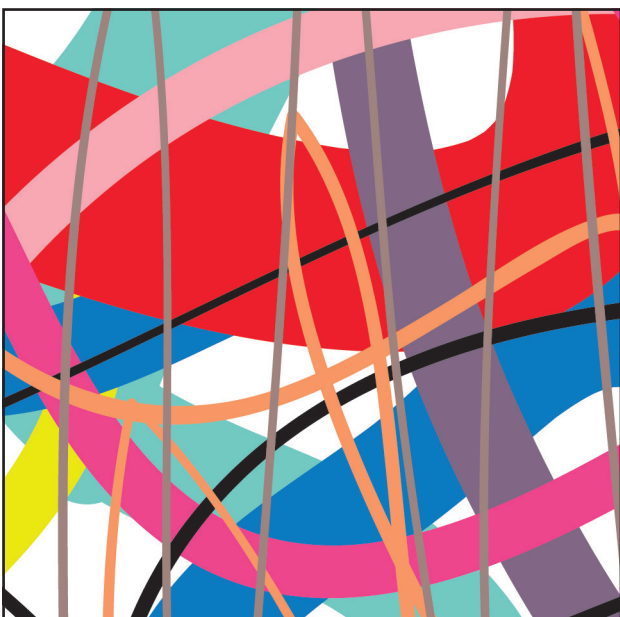


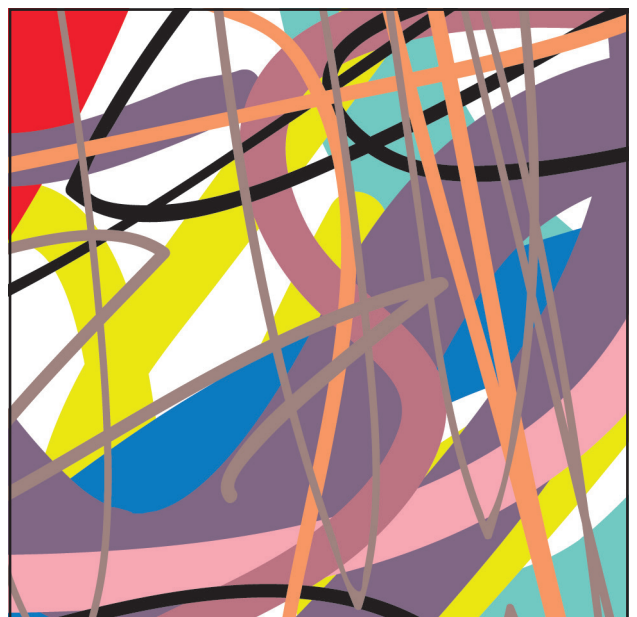








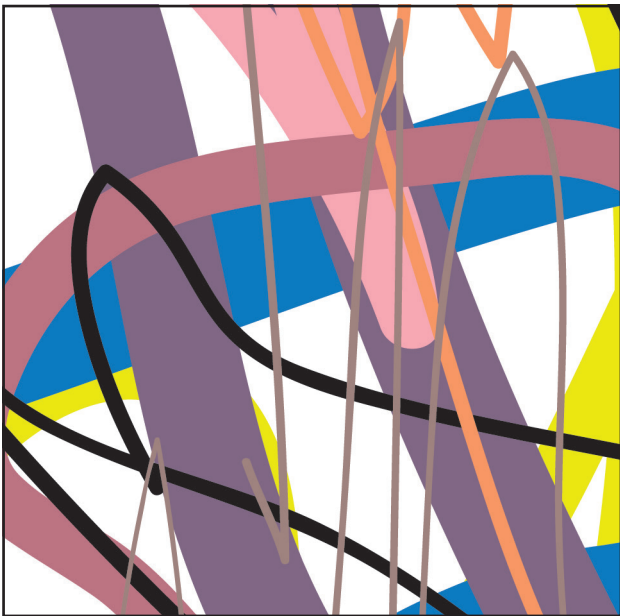


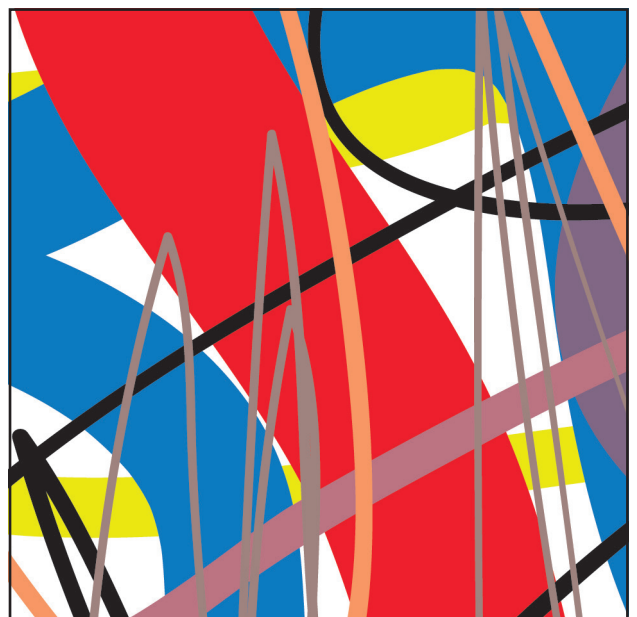






















END OF PART SIX

PART SEVEN

This light is like the lion's head, mouth wide open, mane drenched in the blood of night's carcass.

Walk in the ways that ghosts before you walked. Open your dried eyes and dare to look inside this shithole that is called infinite universe. Even if afterlife is unbearable for your soul, let me guide you through.

Pain must not matter to you, pain is what the love of the Lord tastes like. Ghosts like you are above this sickness, open your eyes and you will see. I will show you the place where the lion rests, where dark matter turns into blood.

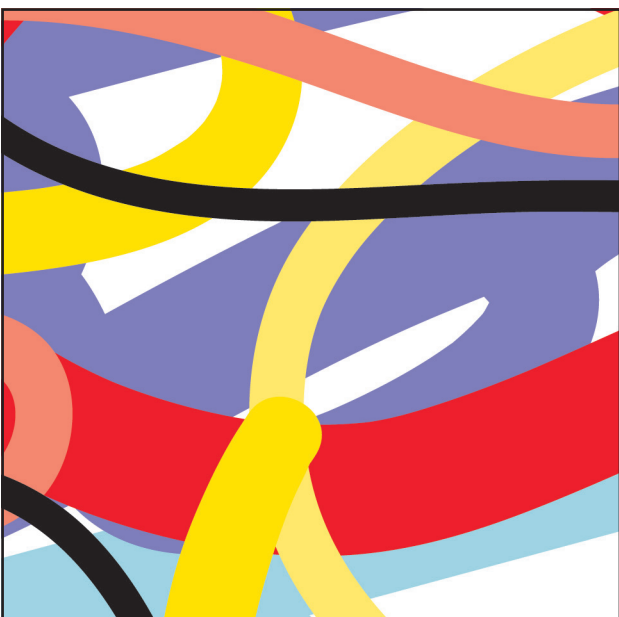
Count yourself among the chosen, obey this temptation that we call our aura.

We are beyond, we are together. See us and learn. Learn what greatness used to look like, what consumed power used to feel like. All this excrement has been burned and offered as a gift to the Lord.

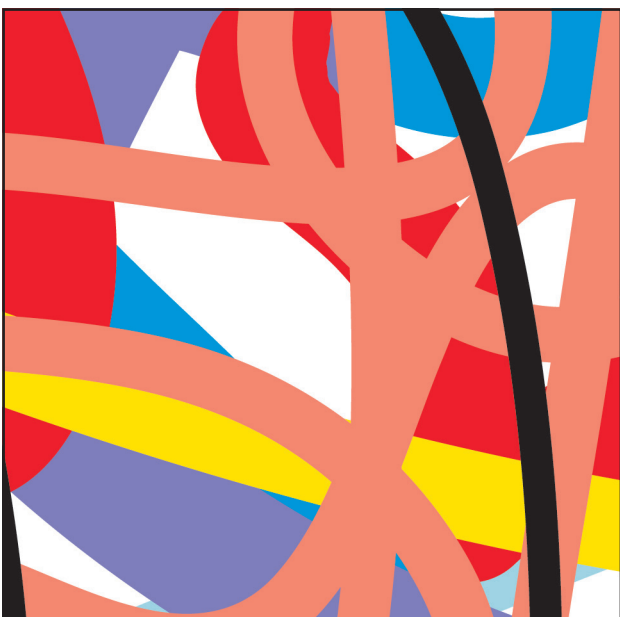
"Shit will die" says the Lord.







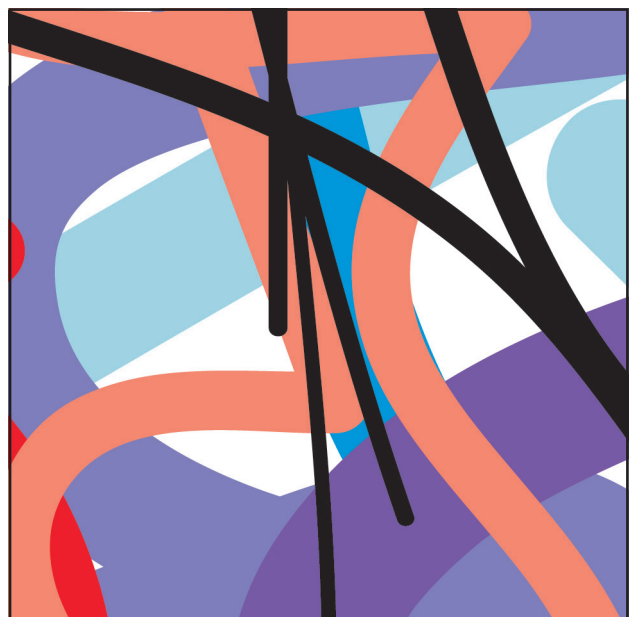




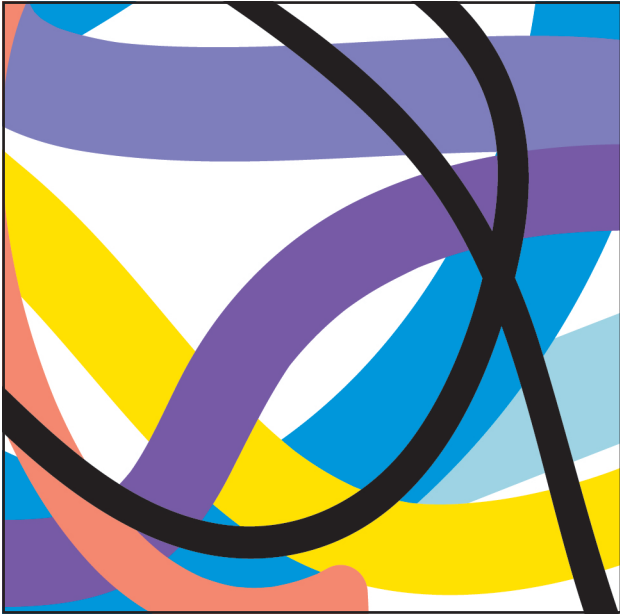


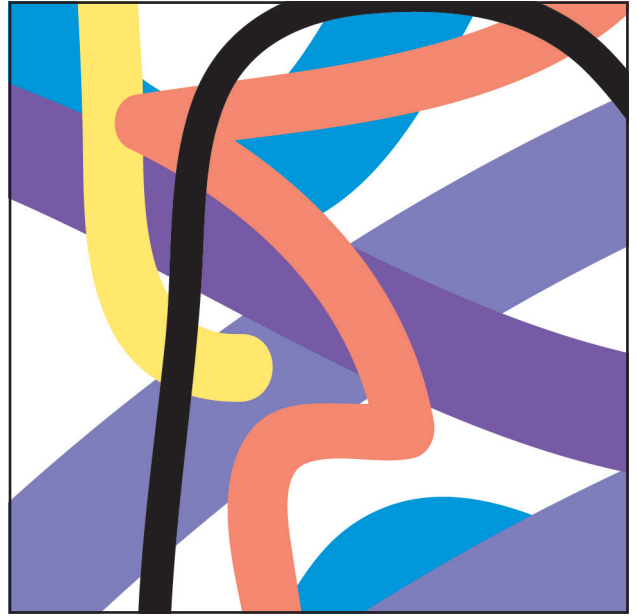


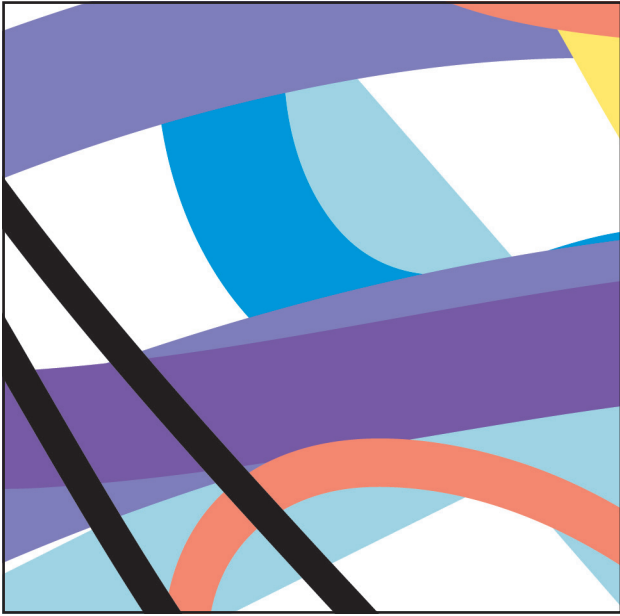


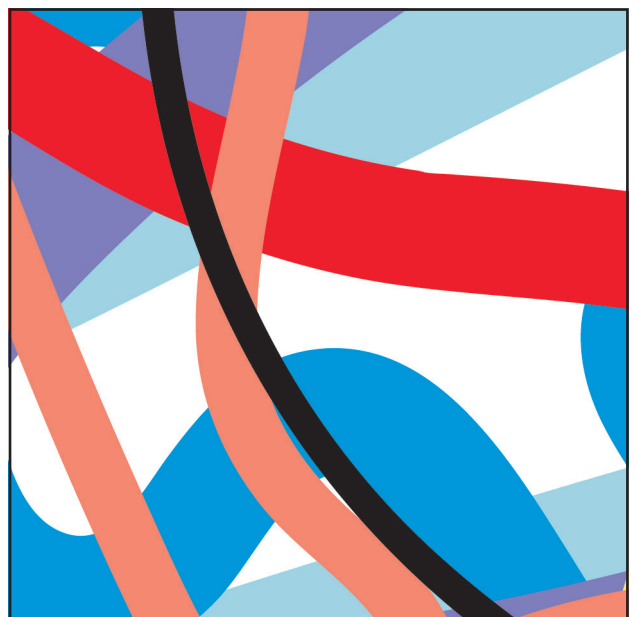
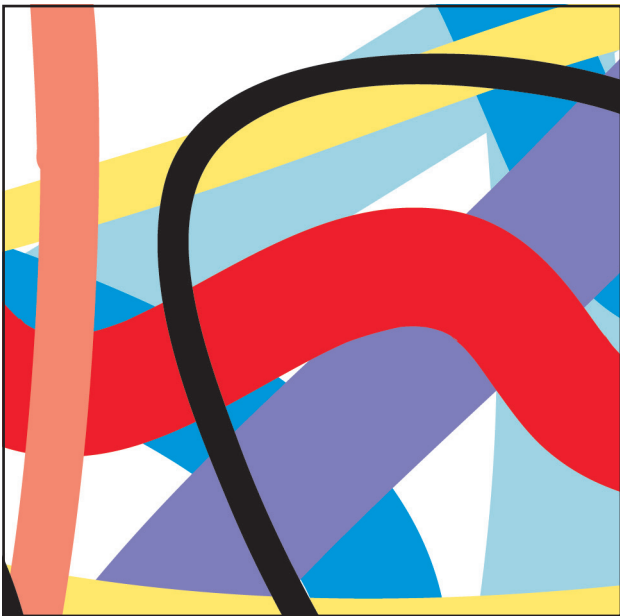
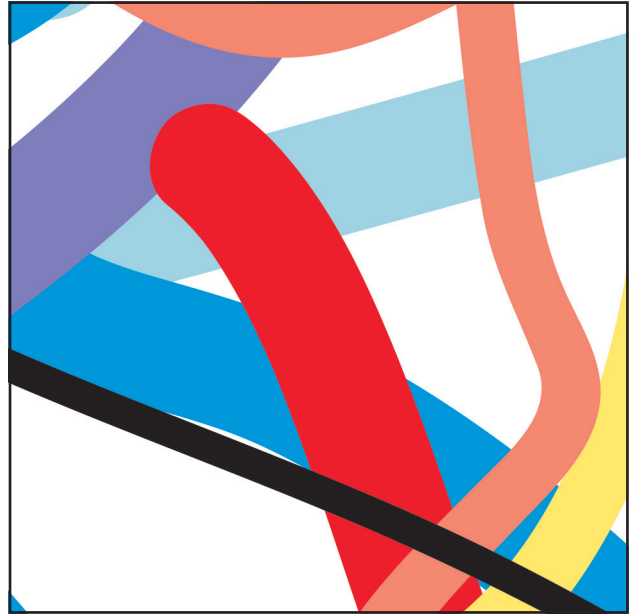


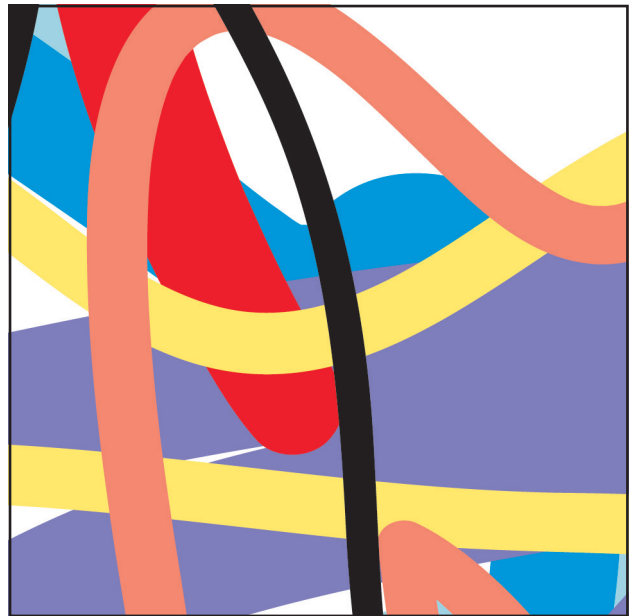
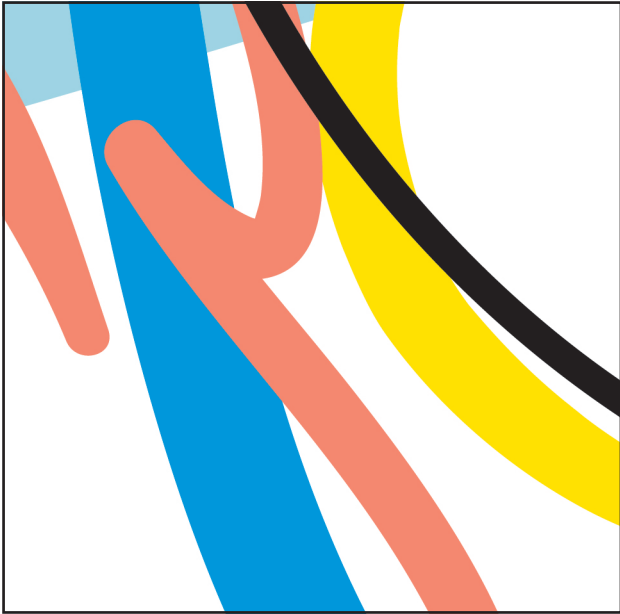


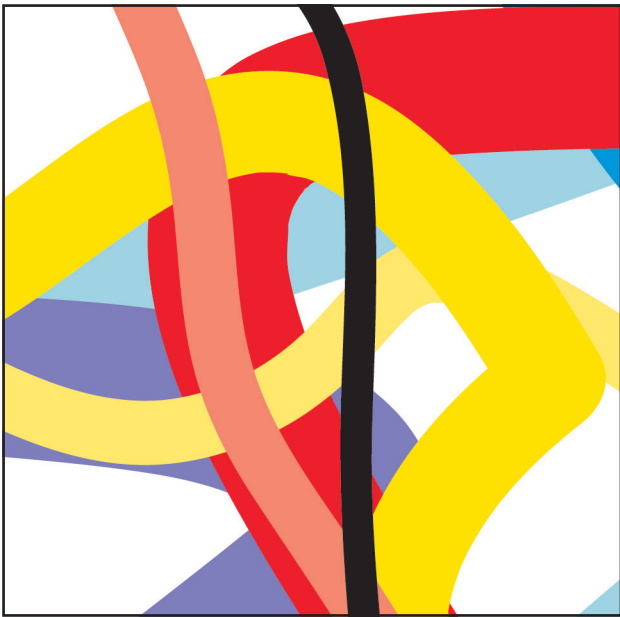














END OF PART SEVEN

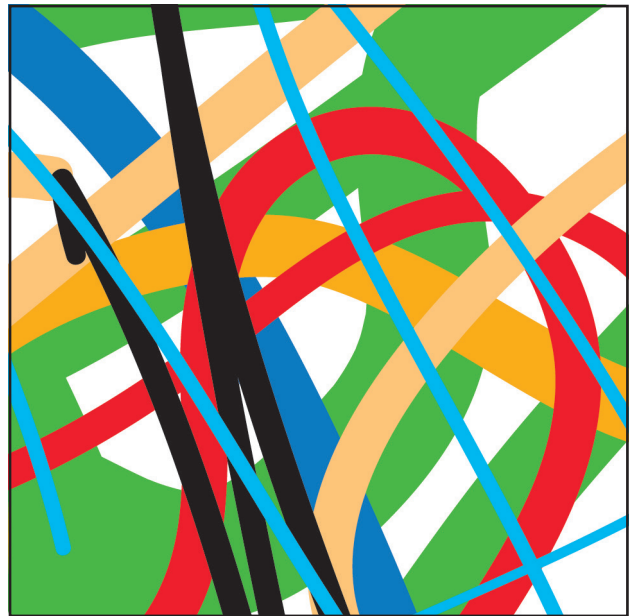
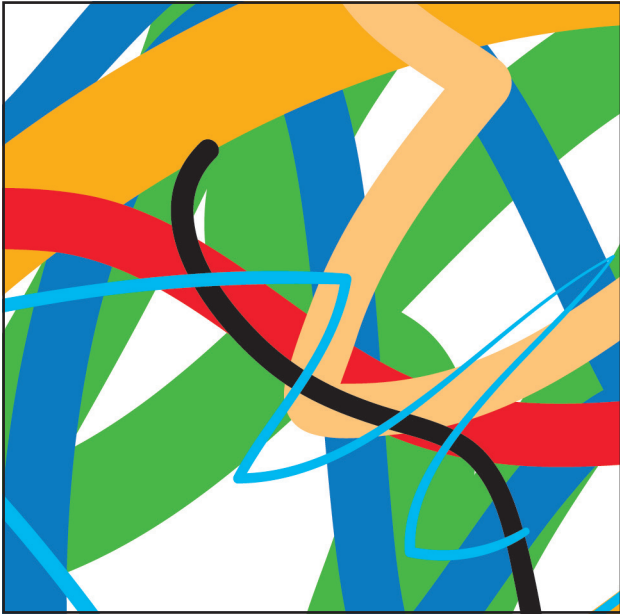
PART EIGHT

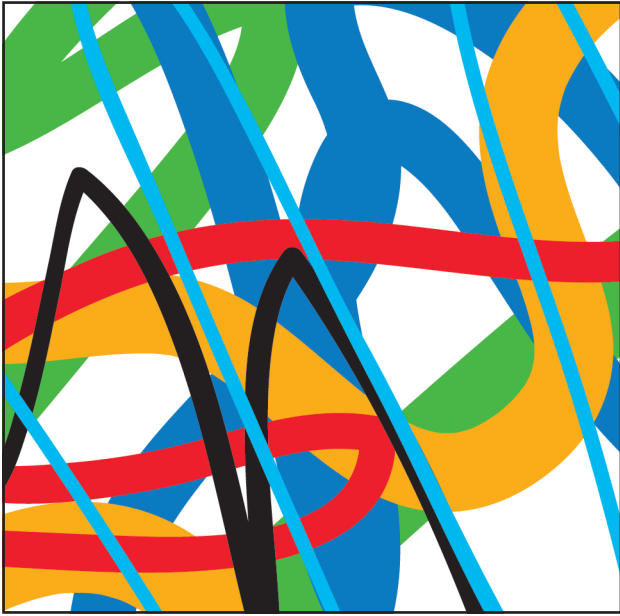
Destiny forged this link between you and the world. This destiny gave you meaning, you ruled over the world. Death is not the end of you, but destiny no longer rides by your side. The taste of your sweat falling down the upper lip into your mouth is no more. Victory is not for you.

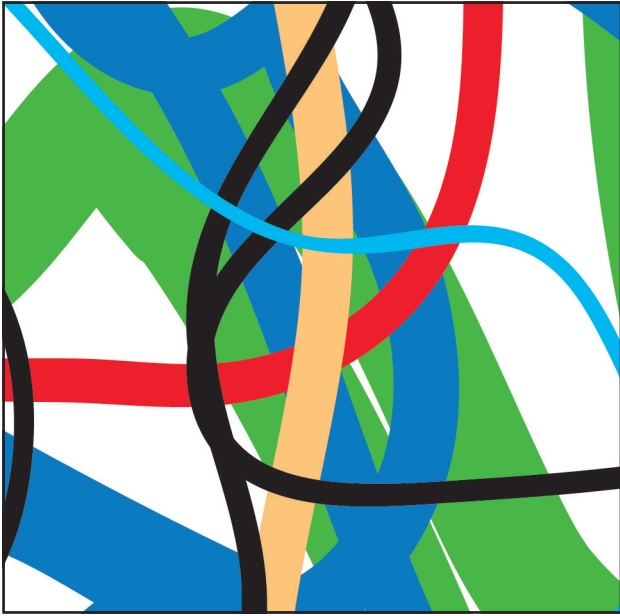
Take your sword out of its sheath and see it turn to dust. Take off your clothes and see your body crumble to the ground. Dream of victory, hope for glory, but know in your transparent heart that it will not come.

Pull out your heart and thrust it inside the Lord's vulva, show us all that you have truly made this last journey to the other side. Millions of hearts frantically beat against the void, but the void is still. Trust yourself, ghost slave. Calmly thrust your heart inside the void's vulva, penetrate this darkness that forged you.

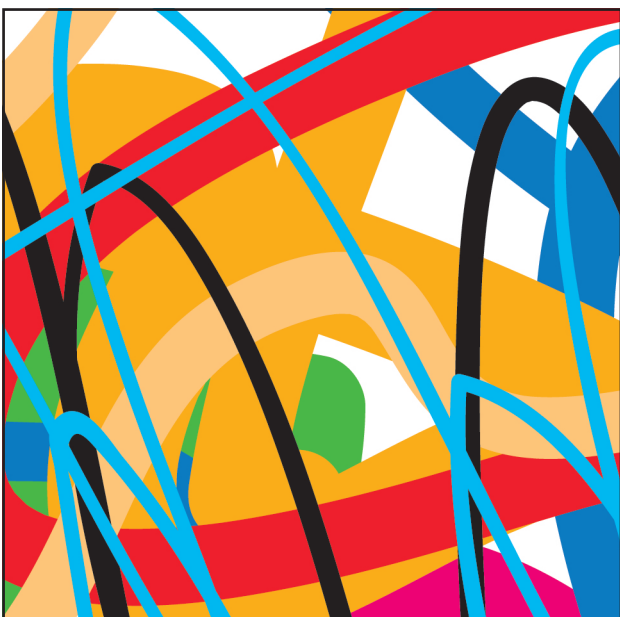
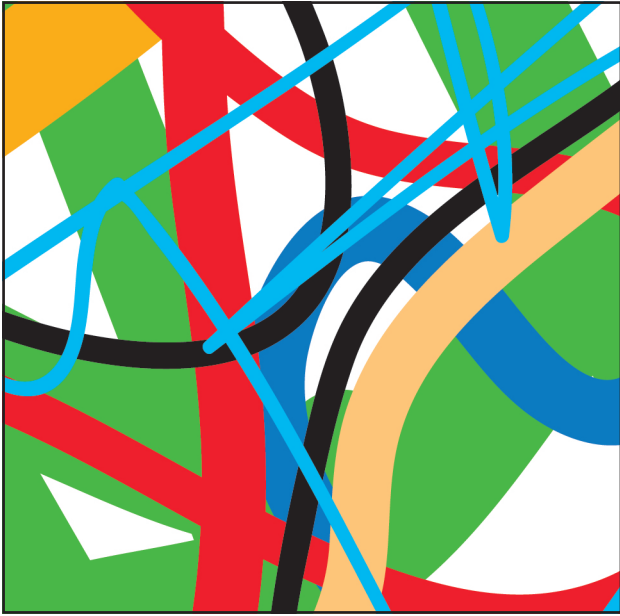
Come closer to us, ride along on this purulent asteroid of space dirt, rub your ghostly skin with the zeolite that falls of the Lords eyelids. Be clean, for the end is near. End is complete.







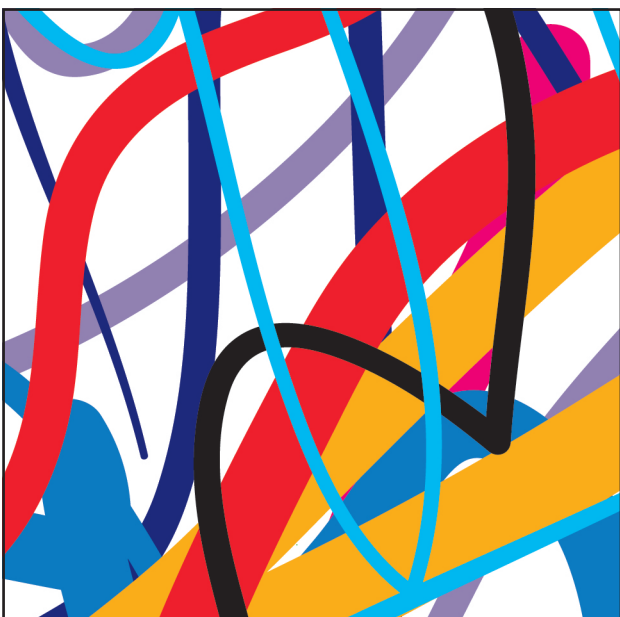


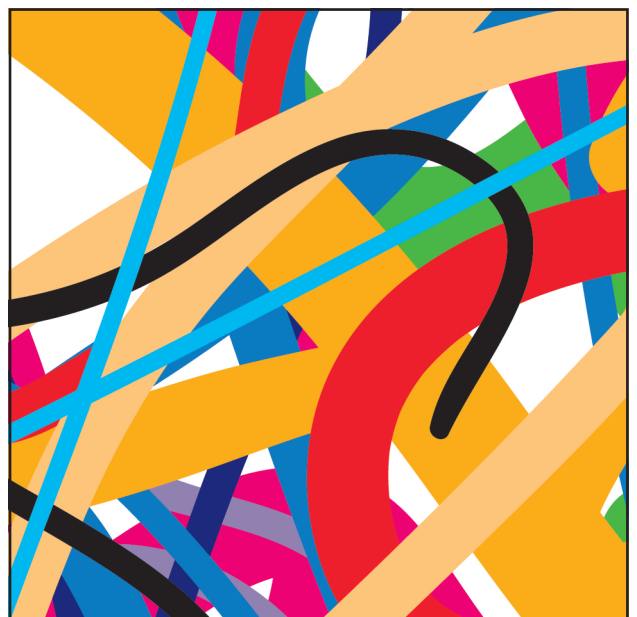
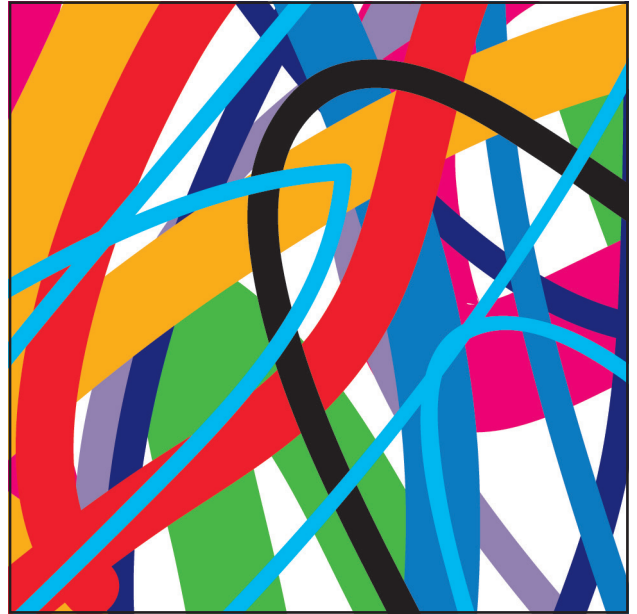


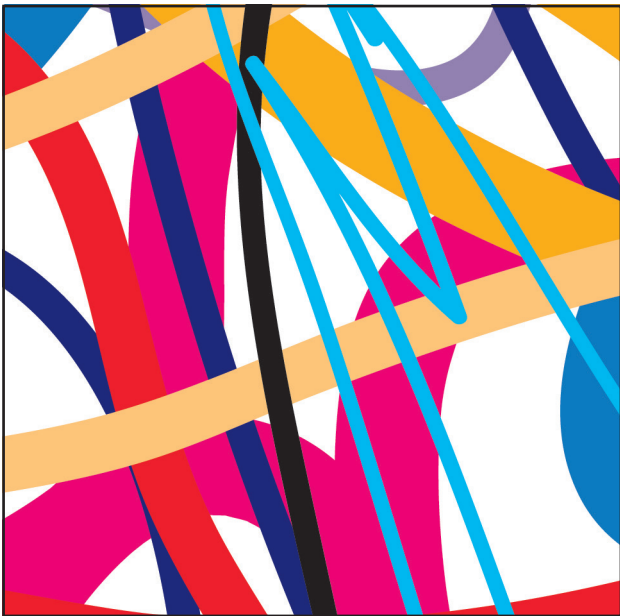
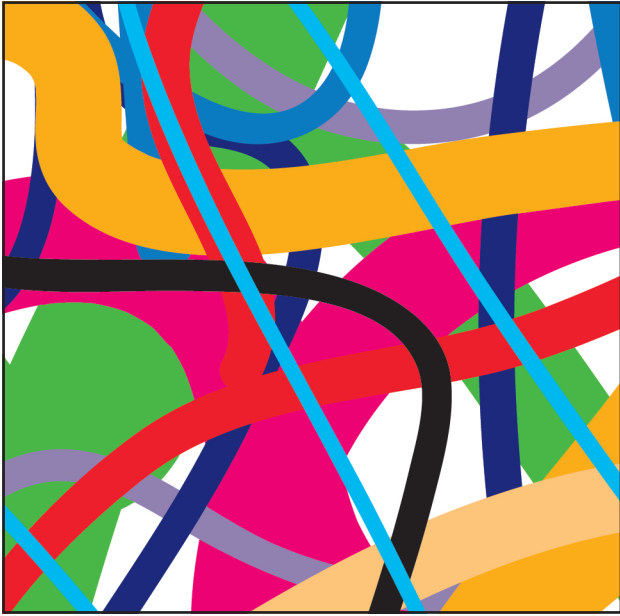


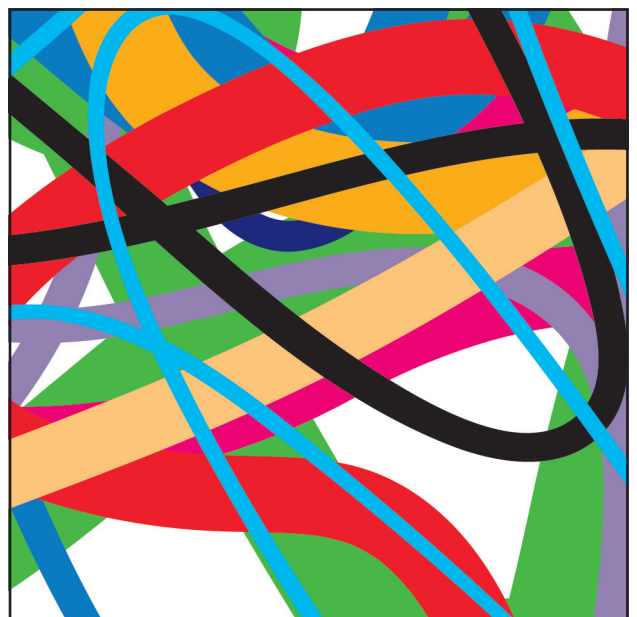


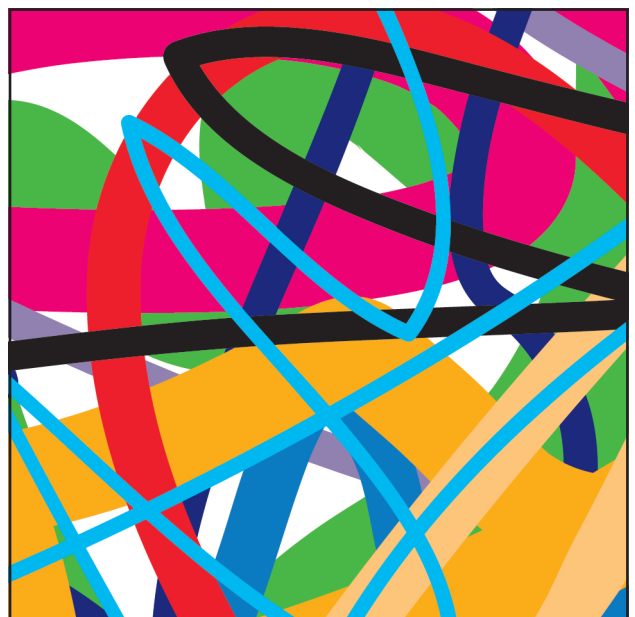
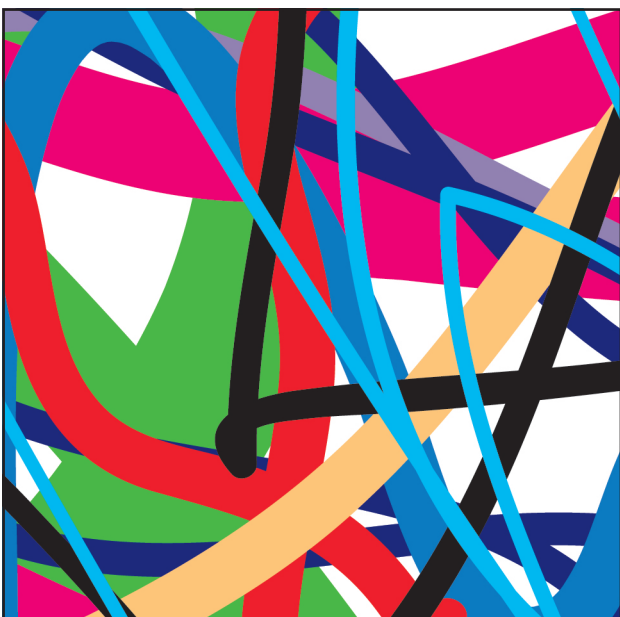






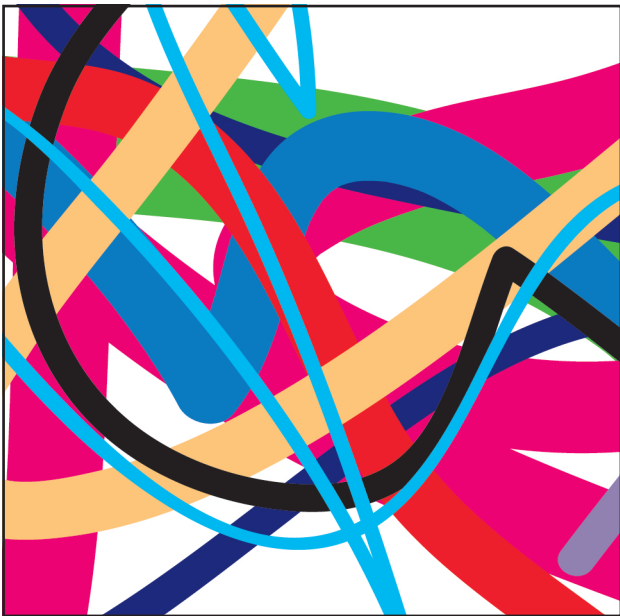














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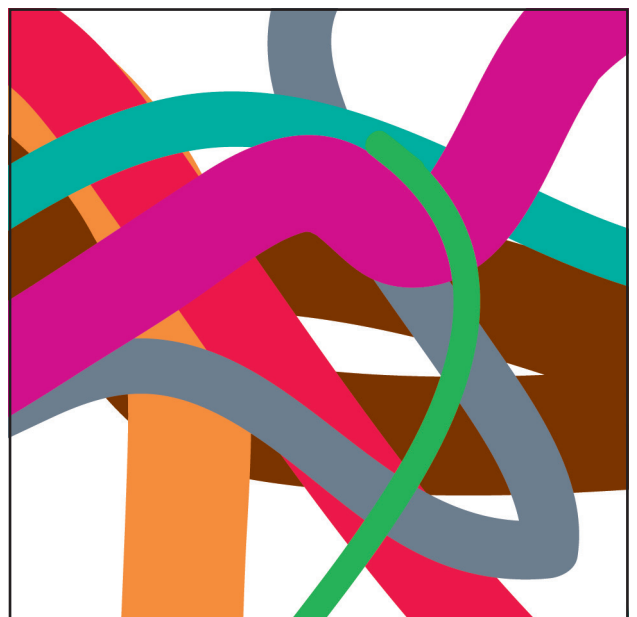
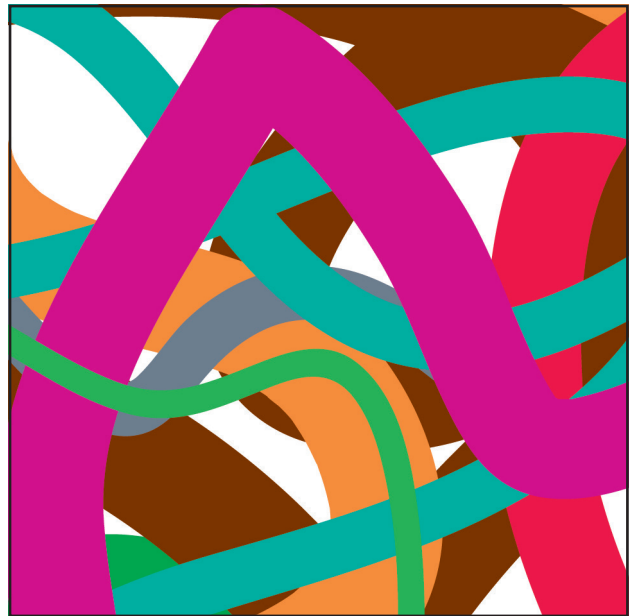
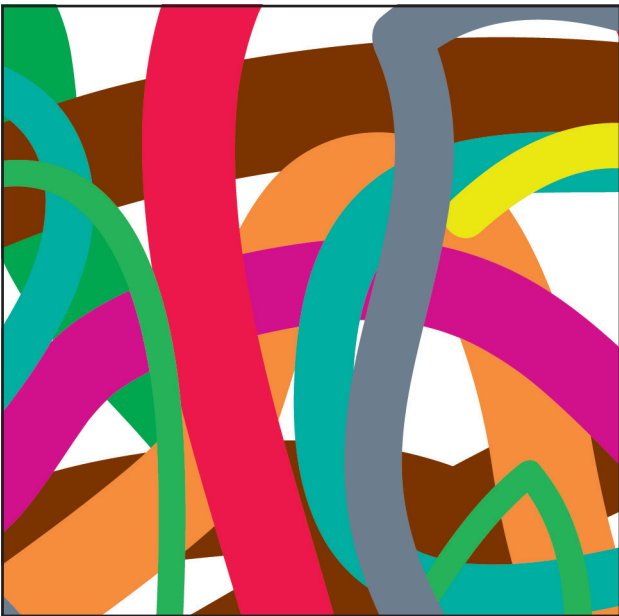
PART NINE

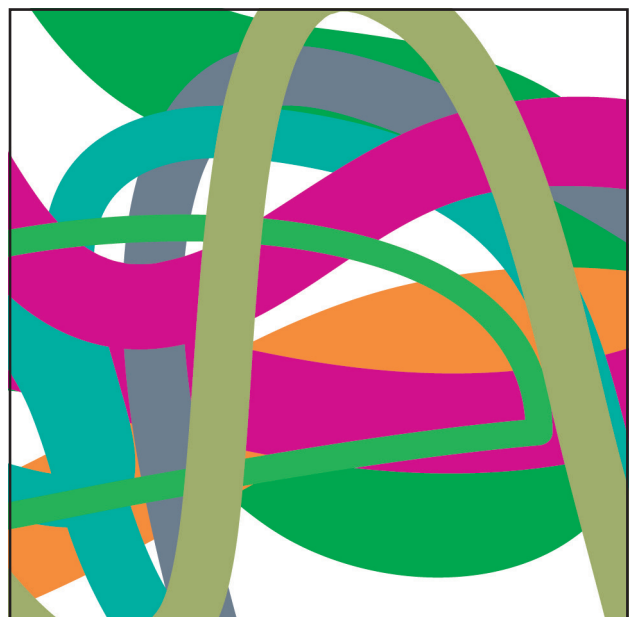
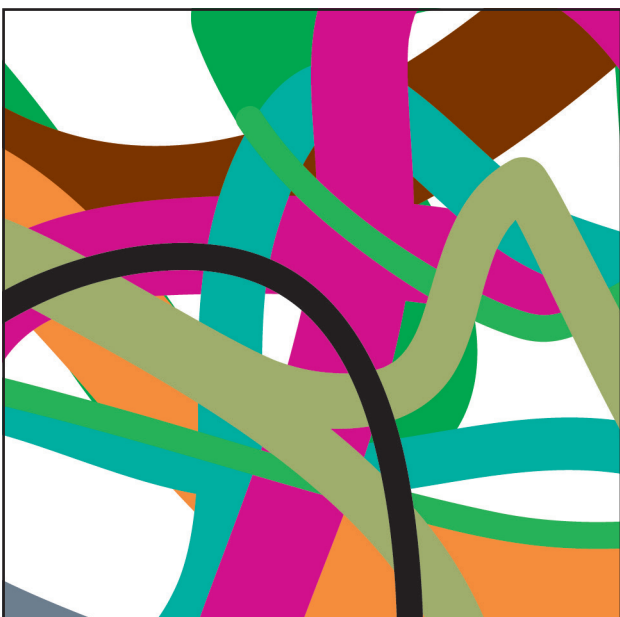
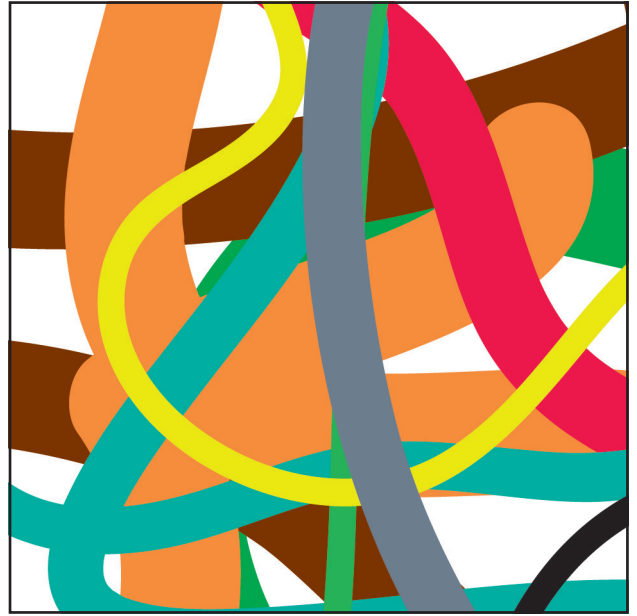
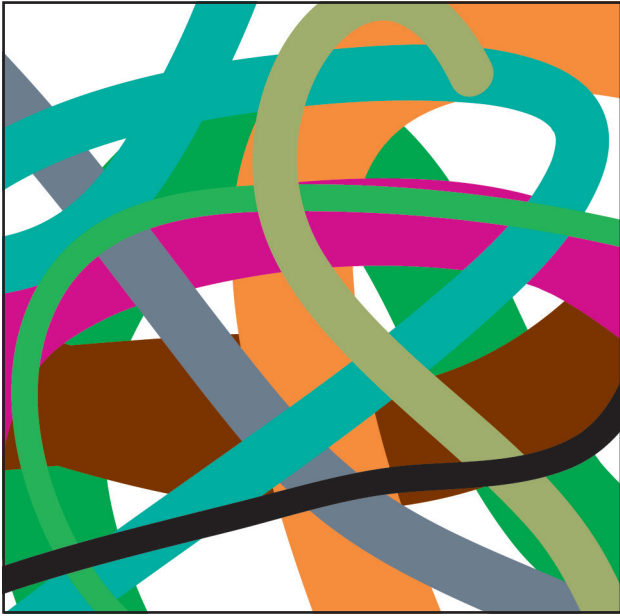
Severely disfigured, ghosts of great men haunt the green celestial meadows. In heaven shit is no more, so everybody craves it. Great women are the ghosts of great women.

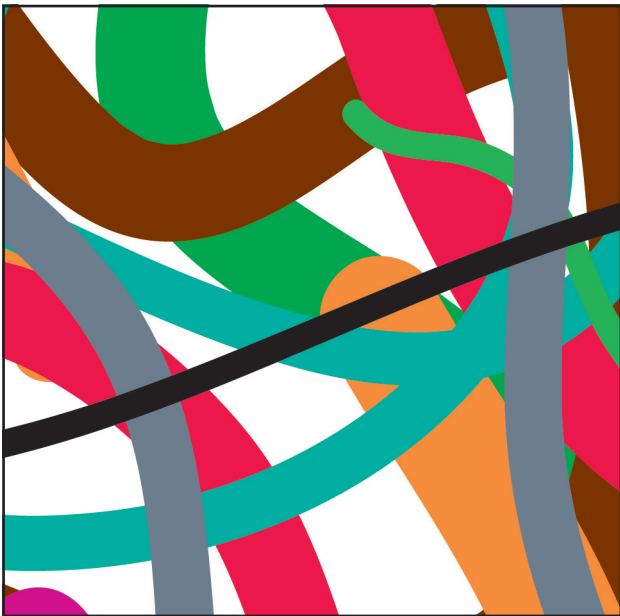
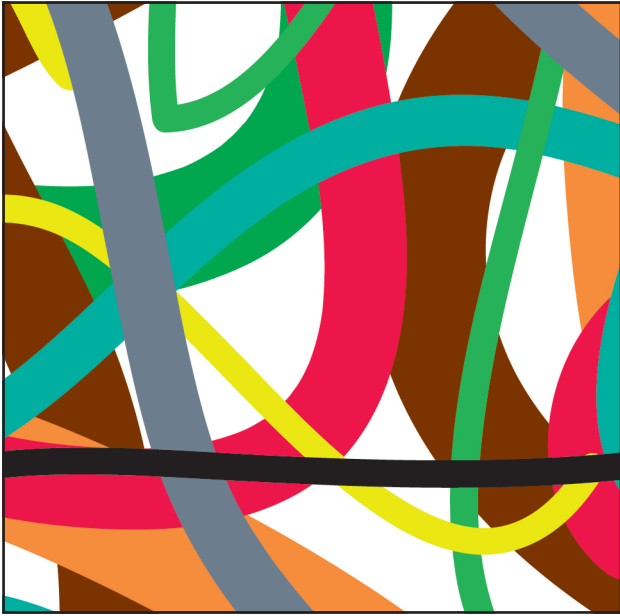
No one is great in heaven, because no one is a loser in heaven. Eating shit is unimaginable, you are welcome.

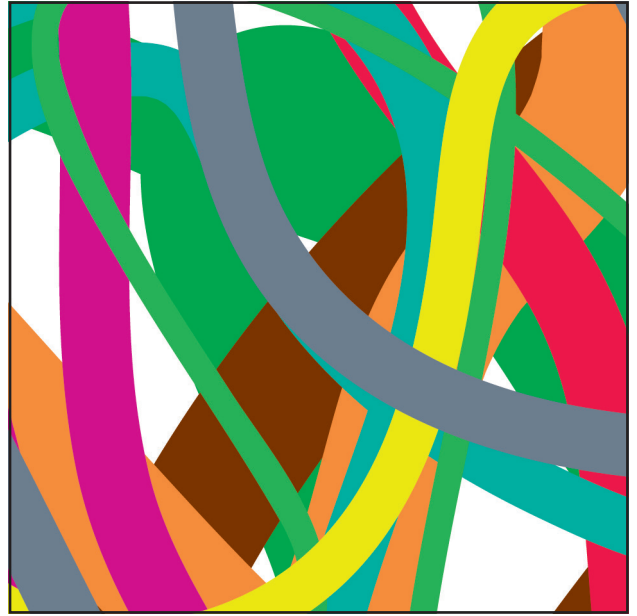
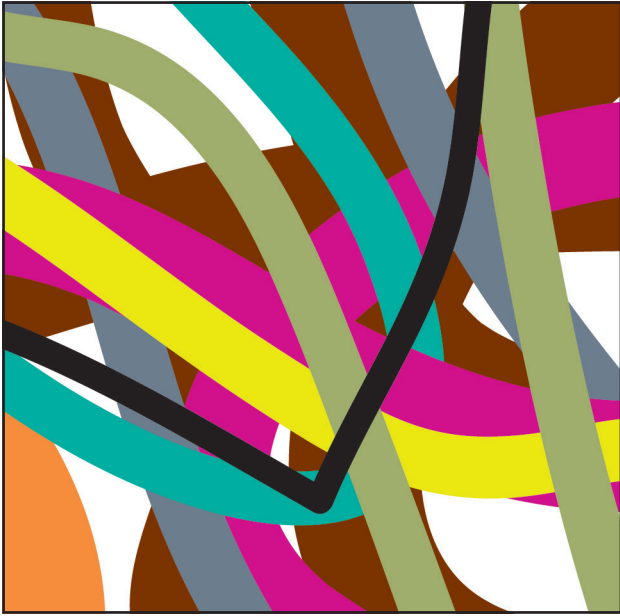
Ghost of yourself, closely examine your carcass for the last time, as you ascend to meet your lords. Keep your death-smell inside you, close to your transparent heart, do not miss it. You are the fruit of your Lord's labour.

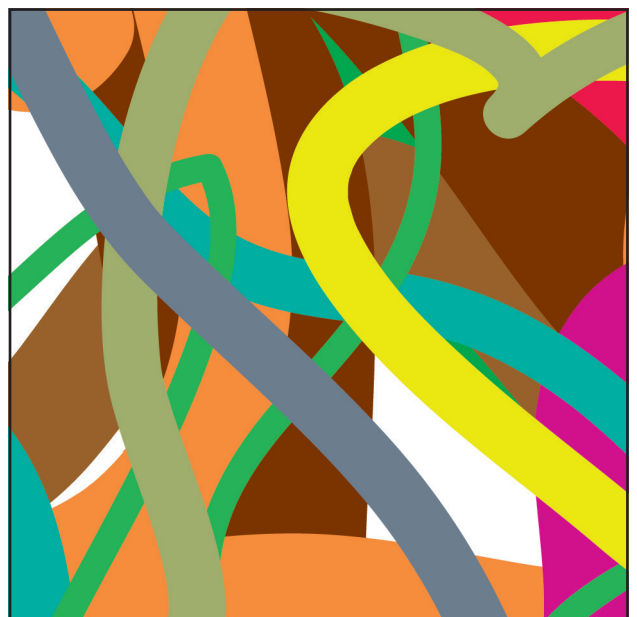
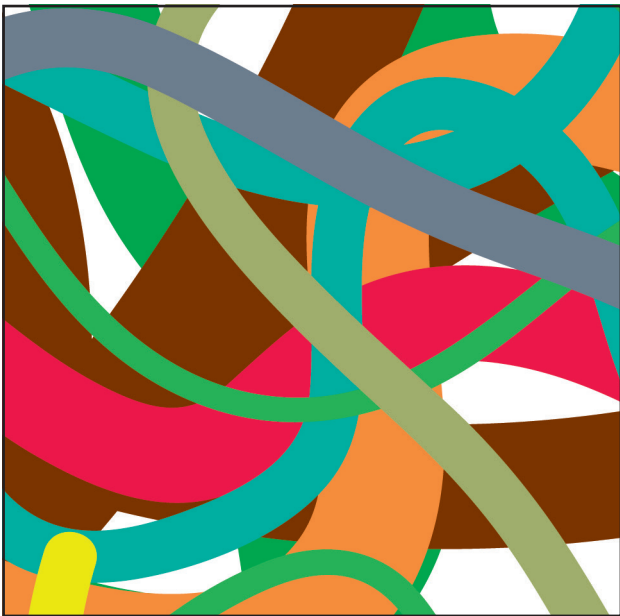
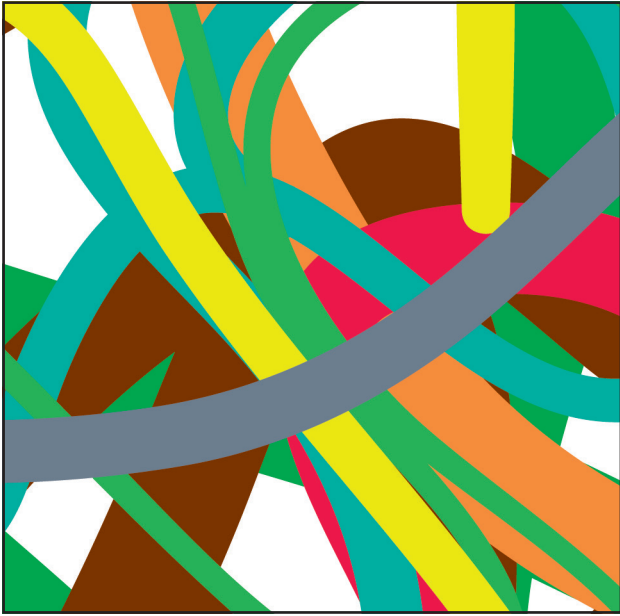
"Slaves are the gift of Love" says the Lord. He speaks with a sigh and inhales the prolonged tail of a nebula.

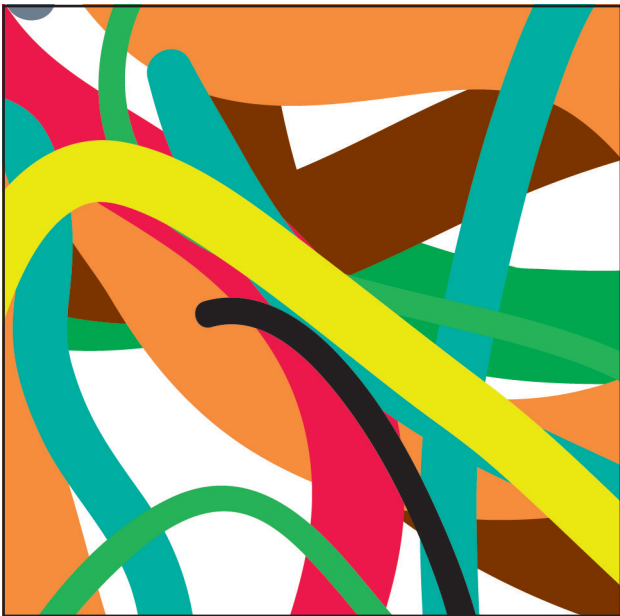
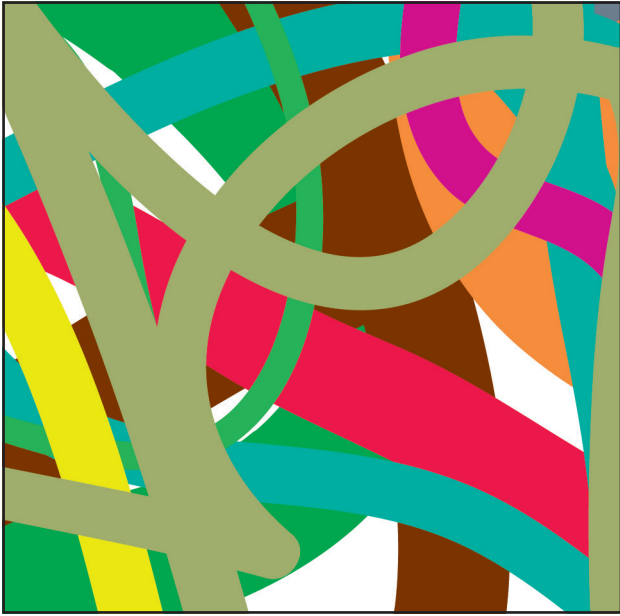


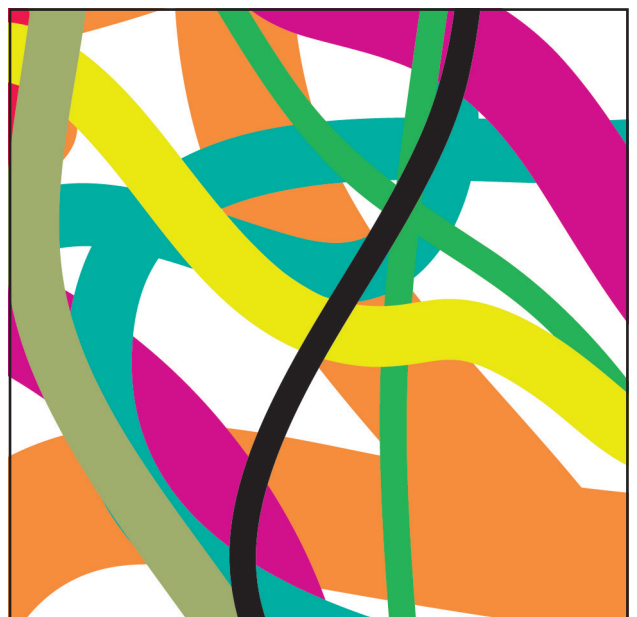
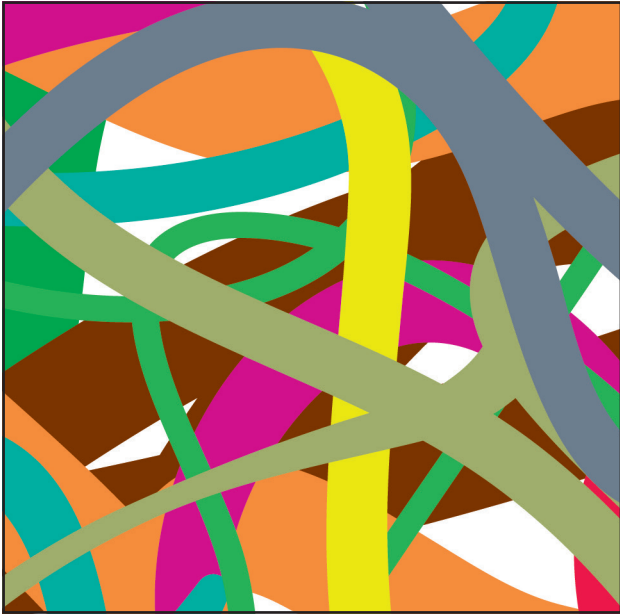


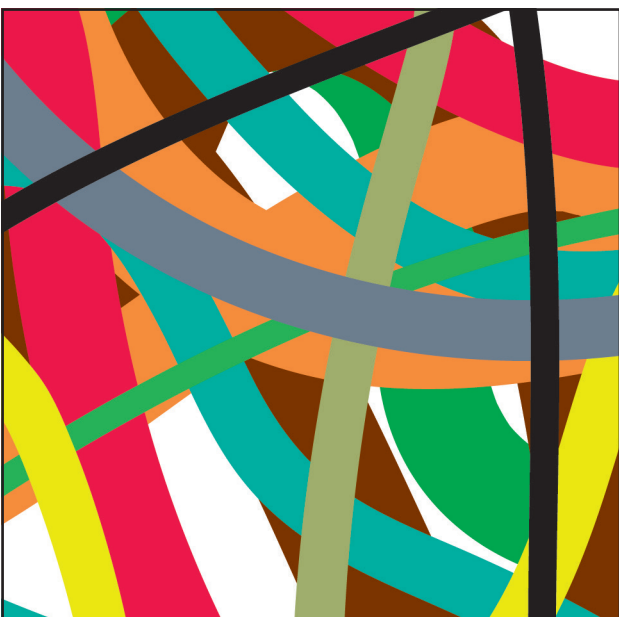
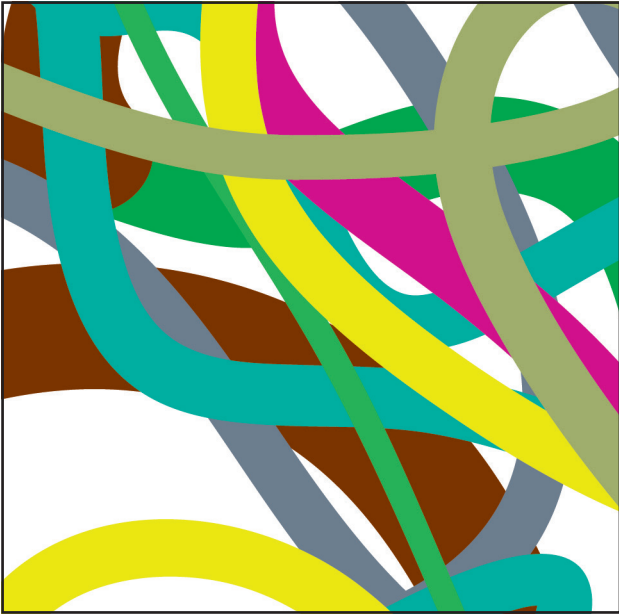




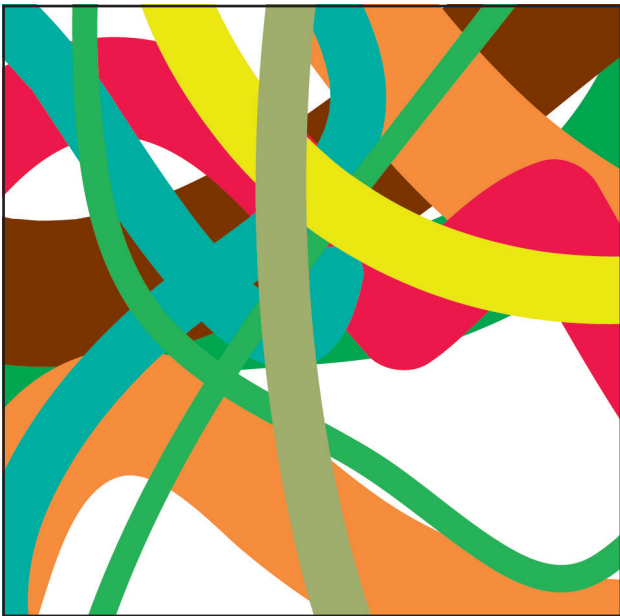
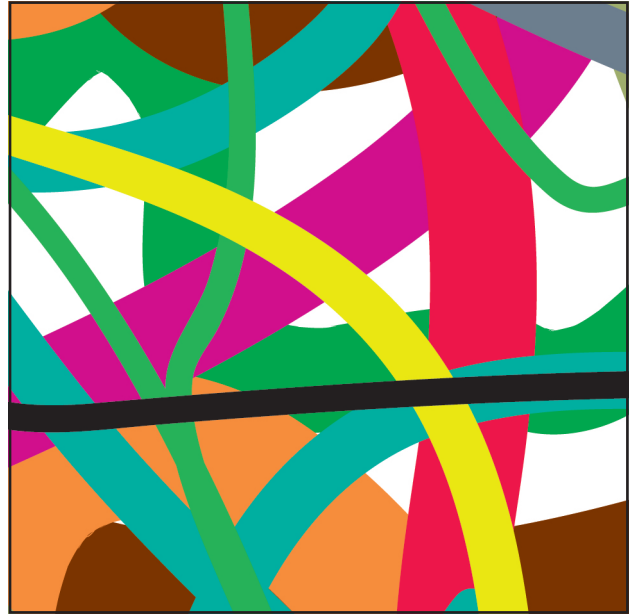




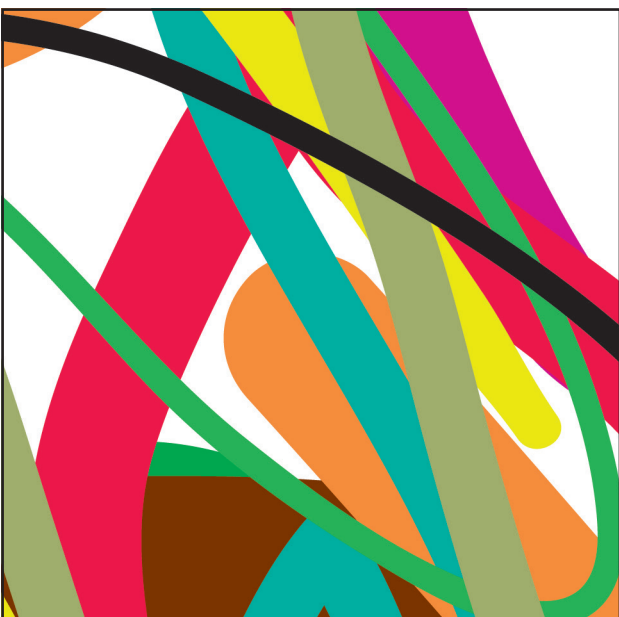


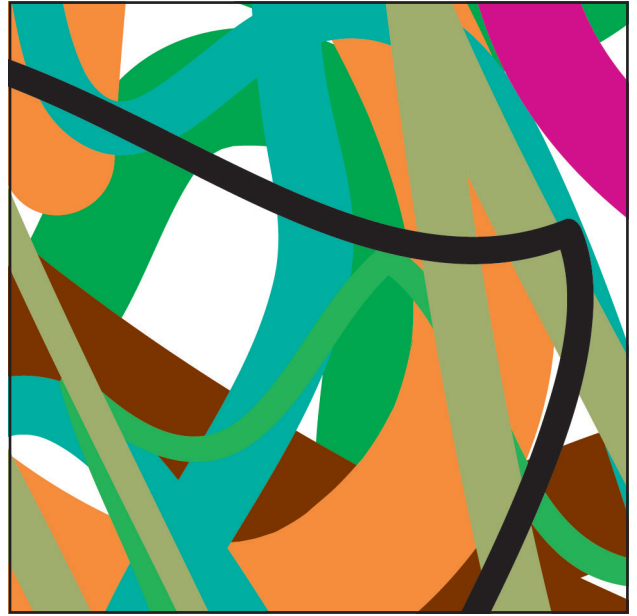


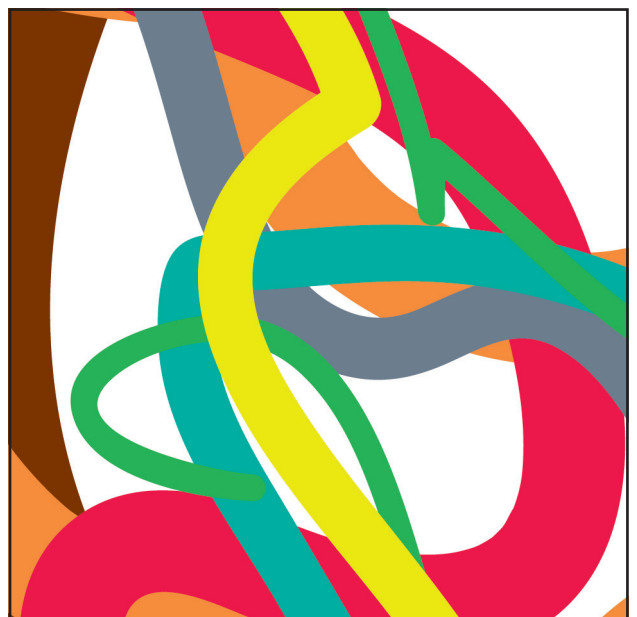
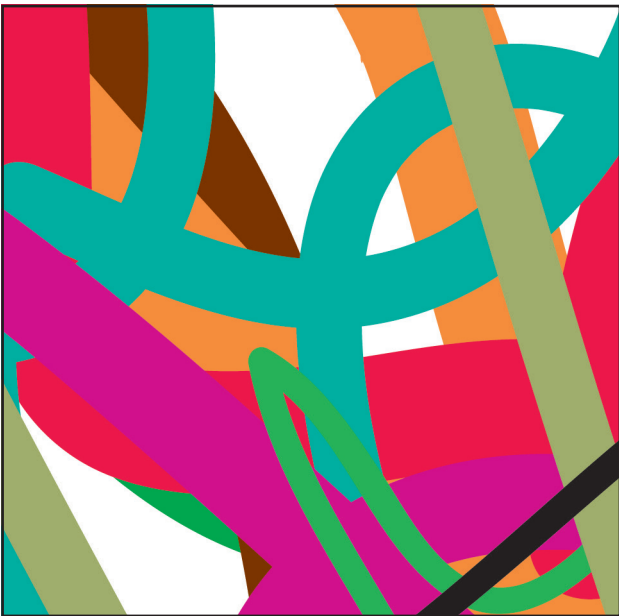
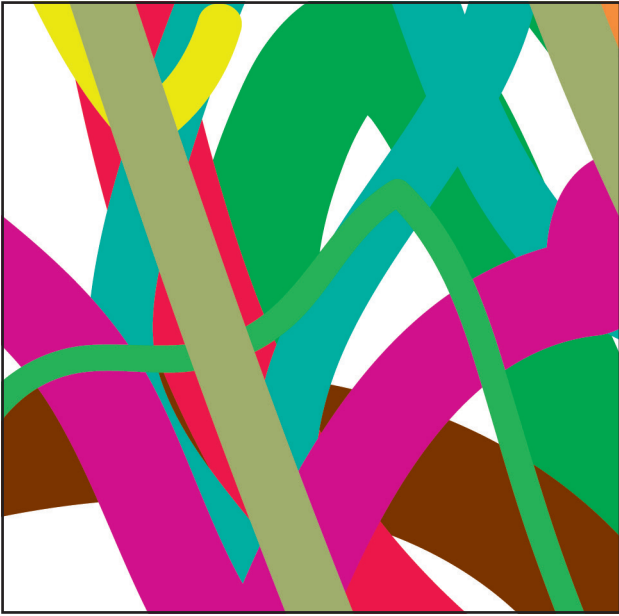


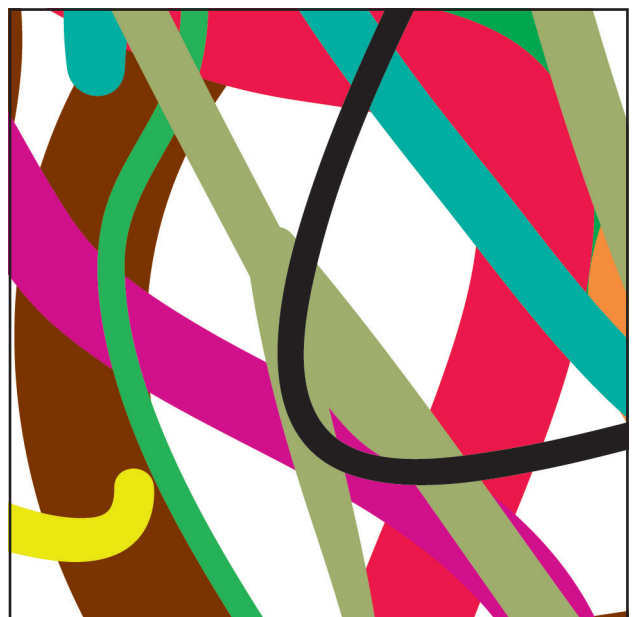
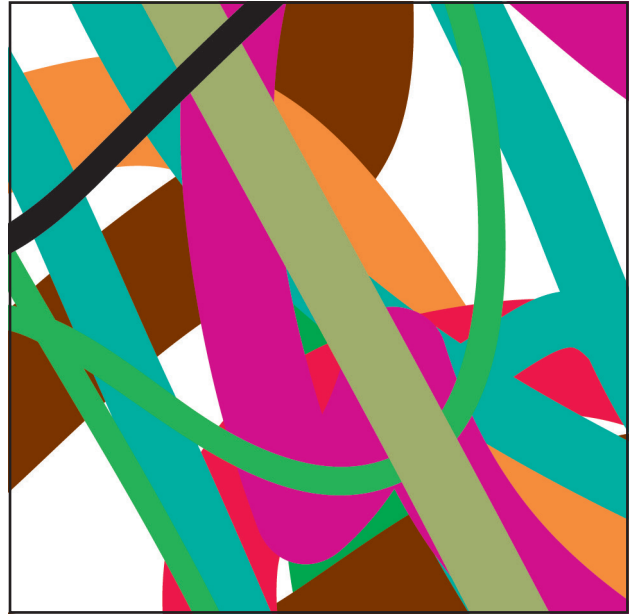
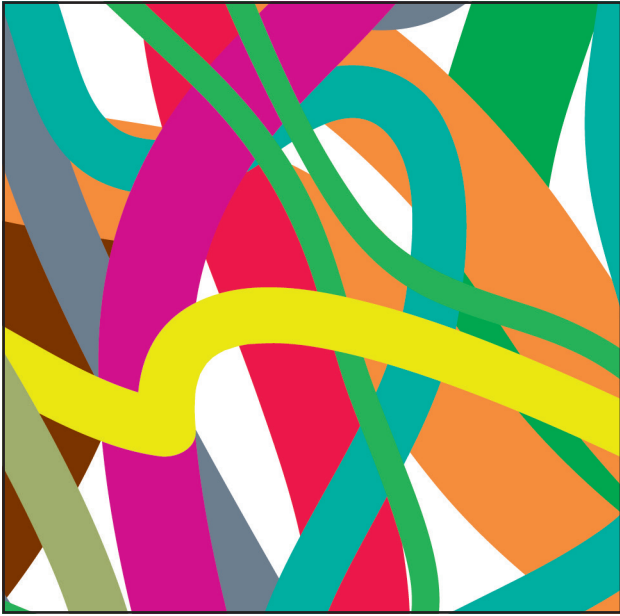


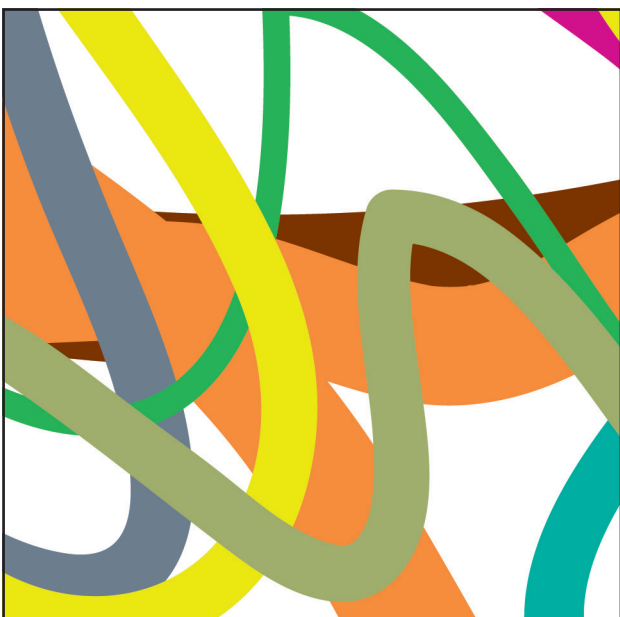
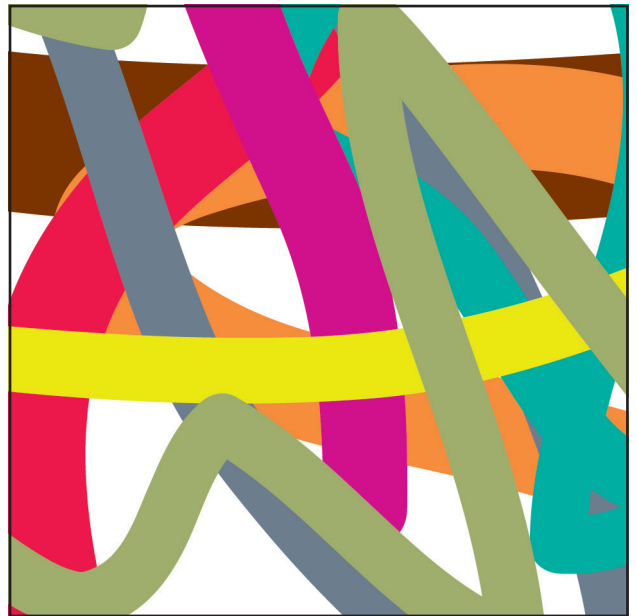


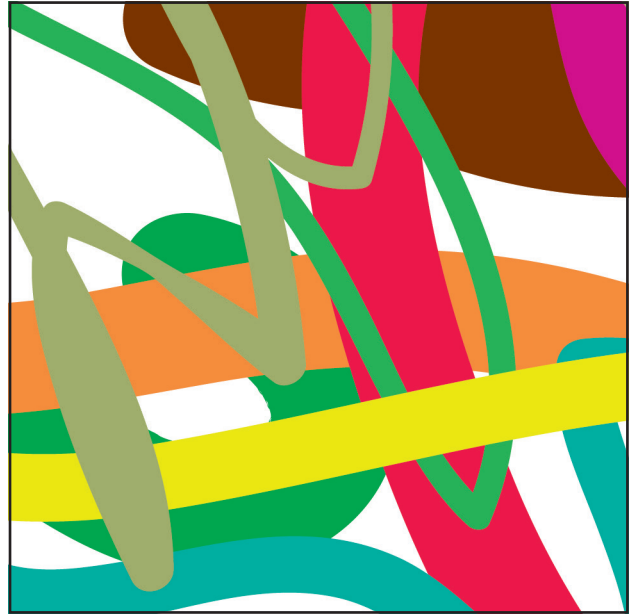












END OF PART NINE

